

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Marcus Adams

### The Countess of Mansfield and Her Children

The wife of the seventh Earl of Mansfield was Miss Dorothea Carnegie, younger daughter of the late Sir Lancelot Carnegie, P.C., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., before her marriage in 1928. Lord Mansfield who succeeded his father in 1935, was formerly in the Black Watch. He sat as M.P. for Perth Division of Perthshire and Kinross-shire from 1931 to 1935, and was for two years president of the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture. Both he and his wife take an active interest in the affairs of the county of Perth, where they have two places, Scone Palace and Logie House. Lady Mansfield is president of the Perthshire Black Watch Comforts Fund, an area organiser of the W.V.S. and a county vice-president of the Red Cross. She also works hard for the welfare of the Polish soldiers in East Scotland, and recently organised a children's party and a New Year ball which between them raised £700 for the Royal Perth Infirmary. The Mansfields have two children, Viscount Stormont, born in 1930, and Lady Malvina Dorothea Murray, born in 1936



# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Convulsions

THE British Empire, the United States of America, Soviet Russia, China. This is a formidable combination. Between them they control the raw materials of the world. They command the largest populations, and therefore ultimately the largest armed forces. Who can doubt that this is a winning combination? Yet we are learning many lessons; long-held beliefs, hard-won national traditions, personal reputations are all in the melting pot. It is a period of convulsion, world convulsion.

Hitler started the convulsive movement in Europe. Japan spread it across the Orient, and surprised the world. Behind the veil of years she has secretly prepared for this very moment. Her plans, her military organisation, and her strategic appreciations have gradually been perfected for the time when she could shock the world. Don't let us blind ourselves to the fact that she is a more formidable enemy than we ever expected. By her ruthless descent on the Pacific, and the calibre of her fighting men Japan has fully earned her title to "Prussia of the Pacific."

## Professional Fighters

JAPANESE soldiers are as professionally fitted for their task as the German Army has ever been. This is a fact we must face. Britain and the United States have never maintained large professional armies. Soviet Russia has saved herself by swifter realisation of her necessities than either of the Democracies yet seem to have done. This is the underlying reason of Hitler's early successes in the European War. It is also the reason for the successes the Japanese have so far had. It is the reason for Soviet Russia's successful resistance to Hitler's invasion.

In the weakness of our professional army

we see the reason for the fall of Hong Kong, and the siege of Singapore. Japan has never played at soldiers. She's stuck to her purpose year by year, and now we know that this is nothing less than Asiatic domination. Time will tell how costly has been this long-cherished ambition.

## Marvellous MacArthur

MEANWHILE, none can doubt the immediate menace of Japan's forward march, but who can tell what fresh convulsions her ruthless efficiency will produce before she is humbled. Her impact will fall full on the white world, and not on Asia alone. This fact may even yet cause the Germans (not Hitler) to pause.

General MacArthur's defence of the Bataan Peninsula becomes an epic. He well deserves the praise bestowed on him. His heroic stand may overlay in the minds of many Americans the lamentable mistakes made at Pearl Harbour. But Singapore will not help the British cause in the United States.

There are strong forces working under cover in America to undermine British prestige, and the opportunity offered by Singapore will not be lost. Singapore will be linked to the reverse in Libya to disseminate stories of our decadence. It is a pitiful business, but something we should not try to ignore. I am told that any lie is used by these underground American forces to blacken the British. British officials in Washington and New York have their work cut out each day to catch up with them and maintain our position in proper perspective.

## Roosevelt's Friendship

THIS is where President Roosevelt's friendship for this country, and firm belief in the character of our people and the ideal for which

they fight, is invaluable. His influence over the American masses increases. He was a match for the Isolationists before the United States came into the war, so he can be trusted to deal with these equally dangerous and damaging foes.

Which reminds me that the most interesting part of Sir Stafford Cripp's much-discussed radio postscript was that in which he put on record the part Great Britain played in resisting the forces of aggression single-handed. This is a fact that must not be allowed to be forgotten. We must shout it from the house-tops on all and every occasion. Britain stood alone, fought alone. She paved the way for others to get strong, and for others to join in the fight to save themselves.

## India's Importance

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK's arrival in New Delhi was a well-kept secret. There can be no doubt that his is a firm and friendly alliance with Britain and the United States. His influence can be of great value in India at this moment when Fifth Columnists will be doing their utmost to spread sedition arising out of the siege of Singapore. At all times Singapore was important to our prestige, and nowhere more so than in India. If Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, and Sir Archibald Wavell cannot find means to unite and harness India in her own defence then I shall be very surprised. I believe their meeting is one of the most important events in that part of the world.

Incidentally discussions have started about Lord Linlithgow's successor. The name of the Duke of Devonshire, the present Under-Secretary of State for India is mentioned in this connexion. The Duke sat in the House of Commons for a number of years where he was not a frequent speaker. When he did join in debate he was forthright and compelling. Many people regard him as one of the few survivors of the old Whig politicians. To this day he writes most of his letters in his own hand, and has them delivered by messenger.

## State Funerals

"... And the Fuehrer has ordered a State funeral." This phrase has become more familiar with the passing weeks. But of all Hitler's recent losses Fritz Todt must be the



Squadron-Leader James A. F. MacLachlan, a one-armed pilot, awarded a bar to the D.F.C., went with his mother to receive his decoration. He has six enemy machines to his credit; four, possibly five of them, were destroyed in one day



Wing Commander Geoffrey Francis, D.F.C., received the D.S.O. at the investiture. He directed operations of two flying-boat squadrons which evacuated some 700 members of the British and Greek services from Greece last year



Lieutenant F. D. G. Challis was accompanied by his wife when he went to Buckingham Palace to receive the D.S.O. Mrs. Challis is a member of the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps

Officers Decorated at a Recent Investiture Took Their Wives and Mothers With Them

most severe. Here was a man who made Hitler's blitzkreigs swifter and more deadly because of his superb organising ability. The vision may have been Hitler's, but the execution of vast undertakings was the organising genius of Todt. Nothing was too big for him to undertake. He laid the foundations of Nazi Germany in the beginning by the vast motor roads he laid. He was seeking to build an impregnable Nazi Empire in Europe for his master when death overtook him in an aeroplane.

One of his latest tasks was building a new Siegfried Line on Germany's Eastern Front against the possibility that Hitler's men might not be able to stop the advancing Russians. Another of his tasks was the fortification of the French coast against British invasion. Yet another task, and one which may have supreme significance, was the creation of new naval bases at Trondheim and Narvik.

### Covetous Eyes

THERE was a time when other covetous eyes were focused on Narvik. Even Caesar is said to have remarked its strategic importance. From Narvik it is calculated that it would be but a quick jump to Ireland, and from Ireland the dagger could be poised over the heart of Britain. Clearly Hitler by the creation of these naval bases on Norway's Atlantic coast has in mind the intensification of the attack on our sea lifeline; and I would not be among those who assume that he's given up all idea of attempting the invasion of this country through Ireland. Of course, Soviet Russia may deflect this purpose. But we would be wrong to take any comfort from this possibility, for it cannot be a certainty.

Hitler thinks in a grand way, and he may believe that he can undertake two major campaigns simultaneously in the spring and keep Rommel going in Africa as well. There are some people who are convinced that the loss in the aerial attacks on this country have a sinister meaning. They think Hitler is preparing some bigger blitzes for us.

### More Changes

THE few changes in the Government made by the Prime Minister have not satisfied the House of Commons as a whole. There is reiterated demand for new faces and new methods. Until these appear I am certain there will be no peace for the Prime Minister.

Members are merely re-echoing what their constituents tell them in this respect. There is an increased demand that the Prime Minister should divest himself of much of his detailed work and share his burdens more equally among Members of the War Cabinet.

People do not believe that he can effectively discharge the function of Prime Minister and Minister of Defence. But Mr. Churchill is adamant. He believes that he's got the best possible team and that there can be no useful purpose served by changing them. At the same time, he is fully informed of the attitude of Members of the House of Commons as well as of the general public outside. So he may find himself—if he heeds growing opinion—compelled to adopt new men and new methods.

### No Communist

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has come back into our political life like a comet. His Sunday postscript to millions of listening Britons was a remarkable performance. There was political dexterity, but also unusual sincerity. Those who previously believed him to be without political sagacity were proved wrong. Those who thought that he's an extreme left winger were also wrong. He lost no time in telling the country that he is no Communist, which shatters the shadowy opposition which some of his enemies were erecting against him.

It would not surprise me if Sir Stafford Cripps offers his services to the Government once again. He has given up the Bar and as much as anybody else he wants to win the war quickly. It is quite obvious that Lord Beaverbrook, at least, appreciates his political value, and his potential danger to the Government. We have been able to see this through Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. So Sir Stafford will either go into this Government or become a menace to it by his repetition of the warning that we must realise the urgency of the hours in which we live.

### New Peer

HANDSOME Sir Victor Warrender has left the House of Commons, where he has been a quiet but conscientious Member for many years, to sit in the House of Lords. Many people were surprised when he accepted his peerage, but he will continue as Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty and spokesman for



### Safe Return to London

The Hon. Leslie Runciman, A.F.C. (in the centre), recently told the story in London of his adventures while on a six-months' tour of the British Overseas Airways Corporation's services and establishments. He is Director-General of the Corporation, and was in Bangkok when the Japanese occupied the city, but managed to escape to Burma. Mr. Runciman is the elder son of Viscount Runciman of Doxford.

the Navy in the Upper House. Grantham, which he represented as a Conservative, is normally a safe seat and already his successor is being sought.

Sir Nevile Henderson, our Ambassador in Berlin up to the outbreak of war and author of *Failure of a Mission* has been approached to accept nomination as Conservative candidate. Apparently Sir Nevile is not anxious to enter Parliament and is ready to step aside, if there should be a rival.

A rival supported by some of the Prime Minister's advisors, is Mr. Eveleyn Waugh, author of among other books *Vile Bodies*. But Grantham is an agricultural constituency and Mr. Waugh, although a valiant Commando, is not regarded by the local Conservative selectors as sufficiently agricultural minded.

So the choice may fall on Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force in the Middle East.



Lieutenant-Commander Victor Grenfell, R.N., took his two sisters, both of whom are in the W.R.N.S., with him to Buckingham Palace. He was awarded the D.S.O.



Captain Caspar Swinley, D.F.C., R.N., received the D.S.O. for services in H.M.S. 'Isis.' His wife and two daughters, Margaret and Pat, kept him company at the Palace.



Lieutenant Angus Macauley who received the D.S.C. and two bars, had Lady Knott, wife of Sir Garbutt Knott, Bt., to accompany him to the recent investiture.

# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Wit and Slapstick

FROM time immemorial man has been trying to get away from woman, bundling her into harems and zenanas, forbidding her his clubs and dismissing her to the drawing-room after dinner. Why? Because, ungallant though it may sound, woman has not found favour in man's eyes as a companion pure and simple.

A grim old German woman-hater called Schopenhauer wrote: "It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of fair to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race: for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse." Some years later Balzac who, being a Frenchman, adored women, took it upon himself to correct Schopenhauer. "Nature," he wrote, "created only the female; man invented the feminine." *L'Esclave Blanche*, at the famous Studio One, shows how the Turk up to the beginning of the last war ranged himself on the side of Nature. In my miserable view the Turk was right then, and wrong when he went over to Balzac's notion of the matter.

WHAT are the counts upon which Woman is rightly debarred from polite society, though the average man does not say so?

(a) Untidiness. A woman dressing for the theatre leaves her bedroom in a state like a barrack room after a free fight.

(b) Her maddening habit of cluttering up the foyer in the intervals. If she wanted to powder her nose I shouldn't mind. If she needed a drink, I shouldn't object. But she doesn't intend either of these things. All she wants to do is to stand about and draw attention to her frock.

(c) The bee-line she makes for smoking carriages.

(d) Her habit of laughing when she is not amused.

(e) Her preposterous insistence upon being the only woman in a man's life.

Is there nothing, then, to be said for women? Of course there is. There is everything to be said for them whenever they desist from being feminine. In business matters, women

are more punctual and accurate than men. In an office they become reasoning animals, because they consent to be sexless. Then take your secretary out to dinner and note the change. From being a trim, cool, capable and competent machine she at once turns into a fluttering, googoo-eyed, hen-witted encumbrance. Not knowing what she wants to eat or drink she flusters the waiter. She insists on being taken to the most witless film in town. After the picture she must dance, and finally she has to be driven to her bachelor flat in Hammersmith.

Having behaved since seven o'clock like Hermione Baddeley's notion of Aspasia, round about two she resumes the mantle of secretary, gives you a couple of icy finger-tips, and a frigid "Thanks awfully!" And inserting her latch-key into her door she says over her shoulder: "Don't forget, Mr. Agate, that THE TATLER article has to be delivered before midday tomorrow." The taxi driver then informs you that he has no more petrol, and you realise that you live at Swiss Cottage.

*L'Esclave Blanche* is a witty film about a Frenchwoman who picks up with a Turk in Paris, and, going to Constantinople as his wife, is horrified to learn on arrival that she is merely a number. At this point I couldn't help remembering the old Lancashire story of a wife who told her husband that she declined to play second fiddle to anybody. "Second fiddle?" said he. "You ought to be bloomin' well pleased you're in the blinkin' orchestra!"

Fortunately, the director, Marc Sorkin, has had the sense to see that romantic nonsense would be out of place, and to keep his comedy in the ironic key. "No Frenchwoman," says the heroine to her husband's fourteen-year-old sister, "will consent to share a husband with anybody." Whereupon the chit has the infinitely wise reply: "How dull for the husband!"

The real strength of the film is, however, not in the plot but in the delicious exposition of, and the accompanying commentary, on Turkish manners. The Chamberlain announcing to the Royal Harem the midday arrival

of the all-potent Majesty of the East, to wit, the Sultan, there is much fluttering of the Royal doves and anticipatory cooing among the not-too-startled doves. The doors being thrown open, there enters to the expectant crowd a harassed, impotent little figure in a frock coat with as much majesty about him as a moulting parrot. The object of the visit is to give one of his favourites as second wife to the young Turk who has had the impertinence to embrace monogamy, and so bring him to his senses and teach the Frenchwoman a lesson. The Sultan is brilliantly played by Dalio. But the whole film is beautifully acted, the anti-feminine point is fully made, there is not a wisecrack throughout, and the wit is continual.

IT is not often that I change my mind in the middle of a film unless the film suddenly decides to change its mind too. For the first half-hour or so I found myself exceedingly disliking *Hellzapoppin'* (Leicester Square Theatre). This seemed to me to be a compilation of every slapstick device used by Hollywood since the days of the custard pie. It was as though somebody had ransacked all the old pictures of Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy, and the Marx Brothers. Up to this point the film had a nightmare quality like the carrying-ons in a loony-bin imagined by somebody in a high fever.

And then, when I had decided that the whole thing was desperately unfunny, I suddenly changed my mind. For it seemed that the film was making exactly this point. The actors in it, it now became clear, were engaged in a theatrical production which somebody was trying very successfully to wreck. A Broadway manager, invited to see the show and as bored as I had been, stayed on until the sheer weight and number of these antiquated japes and jocosities began to strike him as funny. By the end of the film he had been won over, and so had I!

An eminent scientist explained to me the other day that science has decided to accept a corner of the universe in which cause does not produce effect, and effect does not follow from cause. It occurred to me, as it probably occurred to that Broadway manager, that *Hellzapoppin'* is exactly the right film for the inhabitants of that a-rational corner of the world inhabited by film addicts. My advice to people who live in a rational universe and intend to visit this picture is to dine very, very well. A number of people are highly successful in it, but whether their success is due to talent or some quality indefinable in a reasoning world it is not for me to say.

## Lana Turner, Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Empire)

Lana Turner plays the part of Beatrix Emery, the girl who is loved by Dr. Jekyll. It is in her absence that Jekyll, lonely and frustrated in his work, drinks his own potion and becomes the evil Mr. Hyde.

Spencer Tracy is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He drinks the potion he brews and under its influence commits two murders. His partner finds out his terrible secret and it is he who, shooting in self-defence, releases Dr. Jekyll from Mr. Hyde.

Ingrid Bergman appears as Ivy Peterson, the poor, cheap, little barmaid who, fascinated by the evil Mr. Hyde, then terrorised, is finally murdered by him. Based on Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, this film is directed by Victor Fleming.



# "Hellzapoppin"

Smashing Slapstick and Inspired Pottiness at the Leicester Square



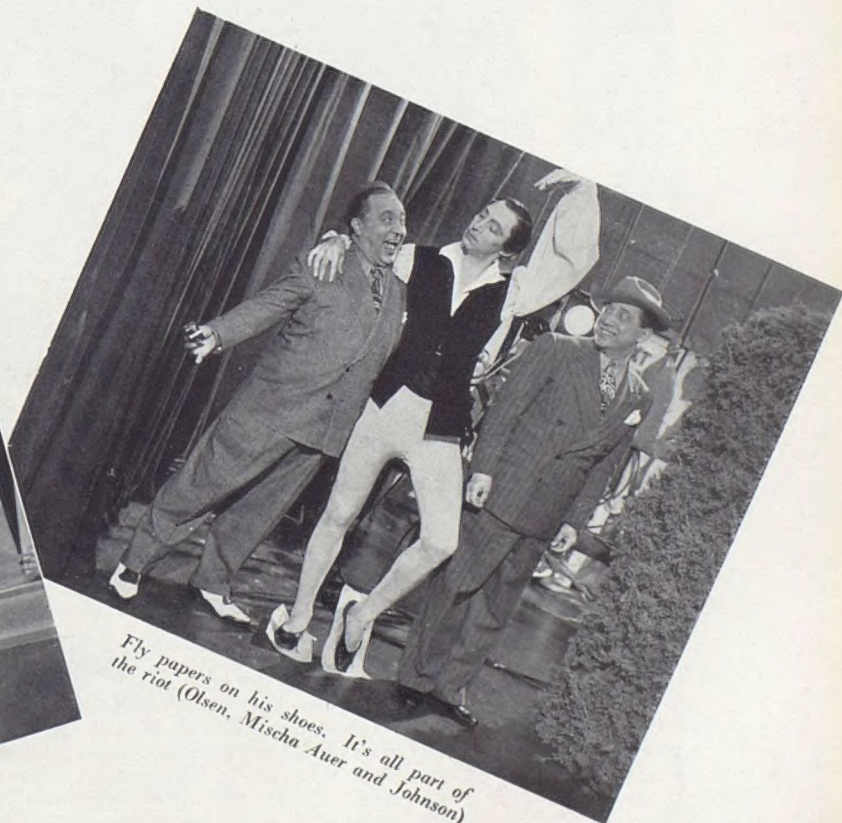
Martha Raye has her own idea on the best way of getting what she wants

*Hellzapoppin* ran for three years on Broadway—it's just going into its 1942 edition now. It was Olsen and Johnson's unabashed craziness which defeated the critics who panned the show and made this a terrific smash hit. If you can take it, the film made by Universal is going to do the same thing here—but it's strong tonic and there's been nothing like it in this country before. Lunacies centre on Olsen and Chic Johnson, aided and abetted by Martha Raye, Mischa Auer, Jane Frazee and Hugh Herbert. In rare sober moments when you come up gasping for air there's a romantic song, an abandoned darkie dance, a water ballet or a little love. "Dine very, very well before you see this film" is James Agate's advice



Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson pose for some "gam art" with Antsy-Nancy. Olsen, 5 ft. 9 in. American Scandinavian, and Johnson, 5 ft. 6 in. American Swedish, repeat their Broadway stage roles

Kitty (Jane Frazee) provides the love interest. Here she is with Prince Pepi (Mischa Auer) a bona fide and much lionised Russian nobleman



Fly papers on his shoes. It's all part of the riot (Olsen, Mischa Auer and Johnson)

# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Goodnight Children (New)

As a butt for his latest play Mr. J. B. Priestley has invented an organisation which he has named "the English Broadcasting Company, known as the E.B.C.," and which, we are warned on the programme, is "not to be confused with the British Broadcasting Corporation, known as the B.B.C." This, I must confess, was, in my own case, more easily read than done.

In spite of the injunction, I did muddle-headedly keep on confusing the E.B.C. with the B.B.C., partly because of the assonance of the initials. Partly because of the regional system common to both. Partly, again, because both specialise in children's hours with uncles and aunts and in local yokel pub-cum-countryside feature programmes with popping corks and tinkling glasses. Partly, too, because when Sir Reginald Runtun, of the Board of Fisheries, who knew next to nothing at all about broadcasting, was appointed Deputy Assistant Director General of the E.B.C., it did seem to ring such a familiar bell. And partly because the high-handed official chits on details of punctilio delivered every so many minutes to the producers and staff of the E.B.C. were not peculiar

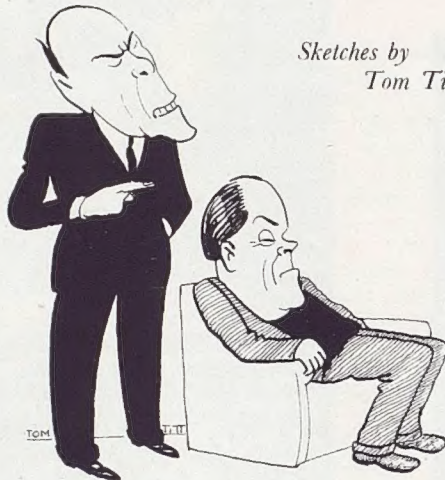


The boy who never lets a producer down, Percy King, in charge of effects, talks things over with Paula Leeds, a playwright producer (George Cole and Gillian Lind)

to the E.B.C. alone. All of which partly contributed to a whole which, I can't help thinking, was responsible for the applause with which, on the first night at the New, the audience greeted certain diatribes against the E.B.C. delivered with fervour from the stage.

MR. PRIESTLEY takes us inside and amusingly exposes the works of his mythical organisation. Although it might reasonably be urged that he has not provided himself with enough material to go round three acts, so that he is driven to repeating his effects, he does keep things lively and get in a lot of jolly digs.

The E.B.C. is, of course, easy game, but Mr. Priestley may well reply that the E.B.C. has no business to be easy game, and that if we let game off because it is easy, it will never learn better. Charity may perpetuate a



Commander Copley, R.N., Rtd., regional director of the isolated country studio, gives some quarter-deck advice to Uncle Bob of the Children's Hour (Charles Mortimer and Fred Groves)

multitude of sins. So he proceeds to shoot a score of sitting birds at close range with infallible aim.

Sometimes the sport, including gaffers with red noses and secretaries with radio aspirations, is rather rough and ready. At other times the wit is keen and perfectly phrased, as when the heroine, a lady producer, in response to somebody's surprise that another of the girls on the staff should take aspirins, remarks: "Oh yes, she lives on them in a quiet, ladylike way." But these are not the lines that get the biggest laughs.

COMBINED with the satire in *Good Night Children* is a conventional story of love and success. The hero, who, like the heroine, is a radio producer with a soul for the theatre, has a curious habit of making furious love in front of everybody. He starts in hot pursuit of a blonde. But in the last act, when the

Sketches by  
Tom Till

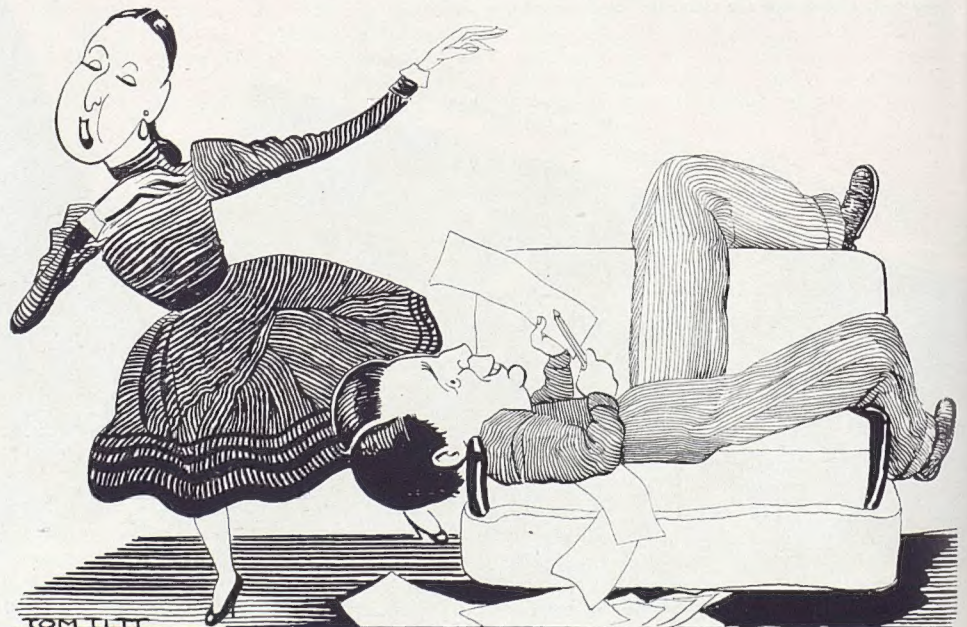


The Grand Old Man of Barset (R. Meadows White) with his prehistoric instrument, the serpent, which he so conveniently (for the producer) leaves in the hands of an enterprising effects boy

heroine gets her first play taken by an important West End management, and is rather unusually invited in the wire of acceptance to choose her own producer, it is clear that a million blondes could not thwart the union on which the gods, conspiring with Mr. Priestley, are bent.

Here we have one of the more commonplace elements in the entertainment. One could wish that the author had rigorously set himself a higher standard. He is so good so often that it is disconcerting to find him not so good almost as often as not. But this comedy has more merit than most and, generally speaking, is well performed.

THERE is Miss Gillian Lind, intelligent and sensitive, with Mr. Manning Whitley to awaken to her unostentatious charms. There is Mr. Charles Mortimer, deliciously pompous as a regional director who is also a commander. There are Miss Eileen Beldon and Mr. Fred Groves as a couple of radio hams. And, to cut a long cast short, there is Mr. Naunton Wayne, now one of our most diverting naturalists, despising his employers, despising his public, and putting his disillusioned feet up in a crisis. Outside the realms of com-pères, this is the best performance Mr. Wayne has yet given us. Hasn't he something of the imperturbable perturbation of Hawthrey?



The temperamental pianist, Moya Gronova, lets herself go to the complete unconcern of Tristan Sprott, another producer (Ina de la Hay and Naunton Wayne)

## Mrs. Jock Campbell,

Wife of the Hero of the Libyan Campaign,  
Brigadier J. C. Campbell, V.C.



Jock Campbell at the wheel of his "modern horse" in Benghazi



At Home, Mrs. Campbell Looks After Her Husband's Horses

Holloway, Northampton

While Brigadier Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., so gallantly leads the men of "Jock's Columns" to fresh fields of valour in the desert war, his wife and daughters—Rosita, seventeen, and Diana, nine—live quietly in the English countryside, taking care, in his absence, of his favourite hunters, reminders of the good days when hunting the fox, not the Hun, was the order of the day. Brigadier Campbell is a Scotsman. He is a keen follower of the Pychley Hunt, and a brilliant international polo player, rating a seven-goal handicap. As a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in the last war, he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the M.C. He went out to the Middle East on the outbreak of war in September '39. His D.S.O. was awarded for gallantry in the desert; the Bar followed for conspicuous work. Now comes the announcement of the award of the V.C. for his brilliant leadership, his outstanding bravery, his consistent determination and his utter disregard of personal danger. Britain proudly salutes the valour of a very gallant son

# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

## Princesses' Hero

THERE was great concern at the Palace when the news came through that Wing-Commander Stanford Tuck, the R.A.F.'s premier fighter ace, is a prisoner of war in Germany, after baling out over enemy territory.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have both taken a very special interest in all the adventures of this adventurous young man ever since the unforgettable day when they had one of their biggest thrills of the war, and met him, the first fighter pilot they had ever talked to. It was when the Princesses were paying their first visit of the war to an R.A.F. station with the King and Queen that Tuck was presented to them. Already they knew his name as one of the R.A.F. heroes they had read about, and for ten minutes the two Princesses besieged him with eager questions.

The King had seen Sir Edwin Lutyens, the grey-haired, gentle-mannered President of the Academy, only a day or two before at the Palace, when he conferred the Order of Merit on him at a private investiture, and before starting their inspection the King and Queen went into the President's room and spent some time there discussing art matters in general with him. Portraits, I thought, attracted most royal interest, among them the paintings of Admiral Evans of the *Broke* and Mr. George Robey. The Queen paused, too, at several views of bomb damage in London.

Incidentally, I wonder how many people realise just how royal the Royal Academy really is. Every year, the President and the Secretary, the ever-busy Mr. W. M. R. Lamb, must go together to Buckingham Palace to "present the State of the Academy to his Majesty"—



## Wives of Three Men Who Produce the Goods

Lady Usher, Mrs. Oliver Lucas, and Mrs. W. M. W. Thomas lunched together one Sunday. Sir George Usher, who was knighted in the New Year's Honours, is Director-General of Tank Supply to the Ministry of Supply, while Mr. Oliver Lucas is Controller-General of Research and Development at the same Ministry. Mrs. Thomas's husband is vice-chairman of the Nuffield Organisation, and chairman of the Cruiser Tank Production Group

Since then, every time they have heard or read of a dog-fight or a daylight fighter sweep, they have made a special point of finding out if "our friend Mr. Tuck" was involved.

When the day came for Tuck to go to Buckingham Palace to receive the second bar to his D.F.C.—he was the first man to win one, and he also holds the D.S.O.—the King told him how interested his daughters are in all he does, and said they were always asking questions about him. "They will be very thrilled when I tell them I have talked to you to-day," added his Majesty.

I believe the Princesses are now planning to send some gifts out to their prisoner hero.

## The King and Queen Visit Academy

WHEN the King and Queen went to the Academy the other day to see the United Artists' Exhibition, it was a very different visit from those their Majesties used to pay in peacetime to the Summer Exhibition of the R.A. For one thing, it was on a weekday, and there was so little formality that the galleries were not even cleared of the public. Which enabled an artist's model in the little crowd that followed the royal visitors round the galleries to have the unusual experience of watching their Majesties looking at a study of herself in the nude.

which seems to be an old-fashioned way of saying that they give the King a report on the year's working.

## The Queen Investigates—

THOUGH the Queen has not, up to now, made an appearance in uniform, she is Commandant-in-Chief of all the three women's Services, and has inspected, in mufti herself, many parades of W.R.N.S., W.A.T.S., and W.A.A.F.s. Now her Majesty is taking a personal interest in the inquiry into conditions in the three Services. Not long ago she had a long talk in private with Mrs. Jean Knox, the head of the A.T.S.—incidentally, hers must be the only tunic in the British Army which bears a General's insignia and not a single medal ribbon—about allegations which had then come to her Majesty's ear, and emphasised the importance of disabusing the public mind of these unfounded reports.

## —And Broadcasts Impromptu

NOR very often does the Queen make a recorded speech for future broadcasting, and even more rare is it for her to deliver a speech impromptu. She did both the other day when she visited the Canadian Red Cross headquarters in Eaton Square to see how the great and growing work of the organisation is



Swabe

## Mrs. Jack Lotinga and Michael

These are anxious times for Mrs. Lotinga, daughter of Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor and C.-in-C. Malaya. Her husband, Major Jack Lotinga, M.C., who is in the Royal Fusiliers, was A.D.C. to Sir Shenton Thomas when he was Governor of the Gold Coast. The Lotingas' son, Michael, was born just a year ago

being run. Her Majesty, knowing the visit to be a private one, had gone unprepared for speech making, but when she was told that arrangements had been made to take a record of her words, to be broadcast in the Dominion, she consented at once. When the record was played over subsequently, her voice came through perfectly.

## Prince and Archduke

PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS and the Archduke Robert of Austria were at this month's reception given by the Overseas Welcome Committee to Allied officers. Prince Bernhard was as smiling as ever, and there were

(Continued on page 226)



## Wedding Guests

Mr. David Wedderburn (Grenadier Guards), who was best man, drank the health of the bride and groom with Miss Lucinda Meath-Baker, one of the bridesmaids. Another bridesmaid was Miss Jean Reid-Walker

# Marriage at St. Mark's

Corporal the Earl of Harrington  
and Miss Eileen Grey



Swaebe

The bridegroom's half-brother, Luke Lillingston, attended the bride in cream satin knee-breeches and frilly cravat. At the reception he waited on his mother, formerly Susan Countess of Harrington, who married Mr. Luke Lillingston in 1934. Mrs. Lillingston had a bad fall when hunting in Ireland a few weeks ago. She broke a leg, and was able to leave the nursing home only very recently



The Earl and Countess of Harrington leaving the church. Lady Harrington was formerly Miss Eileen Grey, only daughter of the late Sir John Grey, Bt., and of the late Lady Grey, of Enville Hall, Stourbridge. The nineteen-year-old Lord Harrington succeeded his father in 1929, and is heir-presumptive to the Viscounty of Stanhope Mahon and the Barony of Stanhope of Elvaston



At the Reception Held in London After the Marriage of the Earl of Harrington and Miss Eileen Grey

Swaebe

Mrs. T. F. Barber, Mrs. Owen Taylor, Mrs. McGrath, and Mr. Geoffrey Huskinson were four of the guests who travelled down to London from the North for the reception held by Mrs. Meath-Baker, the bride's guardian

Mrs. Meath-Baker looks anxiously round to see that all her guests are happily engaged. In the centre is Lady Kathleen Hare, wife of Captain Edward Hare, the bridegroom's aunt, and on the left is Major J. F. de Sales La Terrière, the bride's uncle, who gave her away

## Social Round-about

(Continued)

other distinguished Dutch people, including Mme. Teixeira de Mattos, wife of the Counsellor of the Netherlands Legation; Mr. P. Kerstens, Minister of Commerce, Industry and Shipping; Colonel Phaff, A.D.C. to Prince Bernhard; Lieut.-Colonel Mooleburgh, Assistant Naval Attaché at the Netherlands Legation; Captains Jonkheer Boreel, Feteris, and Verschuur, and Lieut.-Com. van Muhlen (with his wife), representing the Netherlands Navy; Captains Breitenstein and de Gruyter in the Army; and Baron van Haersolte and Jonkheer van Karnebeek from the Netherlands Foreign Office.

There is another van Karnebeek at the Netherlands Legation, a twin brother—they are easily distinguishable, because the latter wears spectacles.

### Others There

LADY EVANS, wife of the well-known Admiral, was there: she is French, and very charming. Admiral Beamish was talking to Sir Walter Allen, Lord Denham was darting about, Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie was looking very pretty—another of the young lovelies there was Miss Ghislane Dresselhuys—the chief of the Polish Navy and the Turkish Ambassador turned up, and Baron de Dordot was upholding Belgium.

This party was paid for by a South African magnate, Mr. Frank Phillips, so there were many South Africans there, and plenty of Yugoslavs, too. Major Boris Shvetsov, from the Soviet Embassy, was very charming, and spoke perfect English, although he complains of the difficulties of pronunciation and spelling.

### In the House of Commons

THE bar in the House of Commons is quite like one at a race meeting, filled with M.P.s who might just as well be owners, trainers and "bookies"—probably some of them are. Among the lively fraternity were Mr. Greenwood, in

the War Cabinet, and at one time Lecturer in Economics in the University of Leeds; Sir Patrick Hannon, with a big grey head and pink face; Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, wearing a bow tie, and with an official past in Bombay; Mr. Clement Davies, a live wire; Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, late National Organiser of the Marine Workers' Union (who are Marine Workers? One pictures exotic pearl-divers and people with an objective interest in the secrets of the deep, but maybe it just means dockhands); and Mr. Hugh Dalton, Member for Peckham. What is Peckham Rye? Not, presumably, a way of fixing now hard-to-acquire rye whisky.

A touching incident was when Mr. Churchill and his family made a mass entrance into the lobby. An elderly woman made as if to kiss the hem of our leader's trousers.

### Little "Little Season"

A MEETING in London, at which a hundred mothers with debutante daughters drank hot soup and met, many of them for the first time; now that all the pre-war getting together functions no longer exist, opened what is practically an old-world "Little Season" organised for Queen Charlotte's Hospital maternity services to Forces' wives by its appeals secretary, Mr. Seymour Leslie.

The meeting was to discuss the fifteenth annual Birthday Ball, happening at Grosvenor House on March 14th: all tickets were sold out before the meeting, and there is a long waiting list which will get priority for the next ball, in June. Meanwhile, beginning on March 21st, a series of the dansants are being arranged to entertain the fun starved young and help the hospital.

### Going to the Ball

THE famous cake-cutting ceremony will be performed by 140 of this year's girls, with 40 of last year's as maids-in-waiting. There will be 198 candles on the cake. Each candle represents the passing of one year since the birth of Queen Charlotte, the first Royal Patron of the hospital, in 1744.

Among people taking parties—most of them mothers of young daughters—are Lady Airlie, Lady Davidson, Lady Galway, Lady Aberdare, Lady Camrose, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Mrs. Denton Carlisle, Lady Dashiwood, whose young daughter, Sara, is tall, dark and attractive; Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Duke of Devonshire's sister; Lady Crosfield, Mrs. R. Chetwynd-Stapleton, Lady Aubrey Fletcher, Lady Serena James, Lady Fortescue, Mrs. van Rensselaer, who was well known hunting in Leicestershire; Mrs. Rupert Anson, Lady Enid Turnor, Lady Willson, Mrs. Rupert Mitford, Mrs. Lloyd Thomas and Lady Cayzer.

Coupon trouble may prevent some of the girls from being in white, but otherwise all will be as usual. Photographs of some of the mothers and daughters present at the first meeting will be found on page 237.

(Concluded on page 248)



Elizabeth Cowell, B.B.C. Announcer, and Her Husband

Elizabeth Cowell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cowell, of Abington Park, and one of the first television announcers in this country, was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, recently to Captain Alistair Norman Balfour, Intelligence Corps, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. S. Balfour, of Dawcyck, Scotland. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated. The beautiful veil of Honiton lace which the bride is wearing is an heirloom of the bridegroom's family. Her diamond and pearl brooch was Mrs. Balfour's gift to the bride

Swaebe

Two little guests who thoroughly enjoyed the "eats" at the reception held by Mr. and Mrs. Cowell after the wedding were Penelope Norman and Dione Sellers

Lady Devitt was with Major Lotinga, son-in-law of Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Straits Settlements. Lady Devitt, who was Lydia Beloe, married Sir Thomas as his second wife in 1937

Family gathering includes Mrs. H. W. Cowell and Mrs. F. R. S. Balfour. Standing are Colonel F. R. S. Balfour, Lieut.-Colonel Hugh Norman, Coldstream Guards, a cousin of the bridegroom, who acted as best man, and Mr. H. W. Cowell

Swaebe



## Recent Engagements



Miss Elizabeth Hambro

Harlip

Miss Elizabeth Hambro is to be married shortly to Captain Bryan Cosmo Bonsor, R.A., eldest son of Sir Reginald Bonsor, Bt., of Liscombe Park, Leighton Buzzard. She is the daughter of Mr. A. V. Hambro, M.P., and Mrs. Hambro, of Milton Abbas, Dorset, and is a granddaughter of the late Sir Everard Hambro, K.C.V.O. Her father was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Under-Secretary for Air during the last war, and has been the National Unionist Member for North Dorset since 1937

Miss Diana Quilter

Miss Diana Primrose Quilter is the youngest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter's three daughters. She is to marry Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, C.V.O., D.S.O., of 29, Eaton Square, S.W. She is a niece of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt., a former M.P. for Suffolk, and of Mr. Roger Quilter, the composer. Her two sisters are both married, the elder to Lord Charnwood's son and heir, and the younger married Lieut.-Colonel Lionel Bootle-Wilbraham in 1936

Fayer

Miss Evangela Sandys

Miss Evangela Del Sandys announced her engagement a short time ago to Mr. Robert Buller Kitson, Grenadier Guards. He is the elder son of Captain J. B. Kitson, D.S.O., R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Kitson, of Lower Farm, Madehurst, near Arundel, and is a nephew of Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal. Miss Sandys is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel G. O. Sandys, D.L., and Mrs. Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, North Lancashire

Lenare



Hay Wrightson

Miss Moyra Montagu-Douglas-Scott

Miss Moyra Eileen Montagu-Douglas-Scott has announced her engagement to Captain (Temporary Major) Hugo Douglas Tweedie, Scots Guards, elder son of the late Mr. John Tweedie and of Mrs. Tweedie, of Edradour, North Berwick. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Francis Scott, and the late Lady Francis Scott, of Deloraine, Rongai, Kenya. Her father, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, is an uncle of the Duke of Buccleuch, and her mother, who died in 1938, was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto



Harlip

Miss Anne Paget

Miss Anne Paget is to marry Sir John Godfrey Worsley-Taylor, Bt., son of the late Colonel Sir James Worsley-Taylor, and of Lady Worsley-Taylor, of Townhead, near Clitheroe, Lancashire. Miss Paget is the only daughter of the late Captain J. Otho Paget and Mrs. Paget, of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire. Her fiancé is in the Scots Guards



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another  
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MAJOR QUISLING'S appointment as Premier of Norway moved the B.B.C. news-bulletin boys, fresh and inventive as ever, to describe him as a Nazi puppet. They erred, in our shrinking view. There's a faintly sinister little French nursery rhyme with the refrain:

Les marionnettes font, font, font  
Trois petits tours et puis s'en vont,

which seems to us to express somehow the essential difference between the dull submissive tools of Nazidom and real puppets, which are vital, menacing and subtle, and live dark secret lives of their own, full of mockery and threats. In a puppet show we once saw over the old Poetry Bookshop in Devonshire Street, Mr. Wilkinson, the eminent puppet-man, tried to minimise the increasingly macabre atmosphere by going somewhat whimsy, but he looked a bit scared to us and so did the audience. We felt the same disturbing note in a puppet show in Siena, and we needn't remind you of *Petrouchka*, which is packed with unease, or that fine French film *Le Joueur d'Echecs*, in which the puppets eventually get their man, to a ghastly little tinkling musical-box tune. You have to keep on the right side of those enigmatic wooden sweethearts.

## Footnote

A PROPOS slightly sinister nursery rhymes, there's an old English one you find in most Mother Goose collections which runs, so far as we remember it:

Hinx, jinx, the old witch winks,  
The fat begins to fry;  
There's no one at home but Jumping  
Joan,  
(Something, something), and I.

This always seems to us pretty dark, grim, and mysterious—an echo, maybe, of that sorcery and black magic practised so extensively in these islands *temp.* James I. and later. Obvious terror and a necromantic formula in the first line, or incantation, ritual sacrifice in the second, a possible case of demoniac-possession in the third—what more does Baby want?

## Illusion

AMERICAN life, as the Ambassador recently reminded the British public, is not the nuthouse Hollywood shows us. He might have taken a passing crack at the American booky racket also, we thought.

One would gather from the brilliant cross-sections of the American scene depicted, for example, by John Dos Passos, that Americans, like Bloomsbury, have only two occupations, of which drinking is the other. When Dos Passos' boys and girls are not engaged in erotic permutations and combinations they are tottering round with horrible hangovers, causing them to go sour on the whole universe and deny their God. These conditions certainly prevailed in the Prohibition era, but we're told things have



"I've just made contact with  
a Japanese patrol"

changed since then (one affair at a time nowadays, maybe, and only one hangover a week). And perhaps one should always remember that booky boys and girls draw only the little world they know.

God help—may one add?—the innocent who derives his knowledge of the English from Galsworthy, of the French from Roland, of the Italians from d'Annunzio, of the Spanish from Ibáñez! The lecturer, after hurling his boots jovially at the nearest pifaces in the audience, then left the rostrum.

## Snook

WHEN Oriane, Duchesse de Guermantes, gave her evening parties in the 1900's, for which the bluest blood of the Faubourg-St. Germain scrambled to get a card, the principal refreshment served was orangeade. Patrician *morgue* and absolute power enabled that sweetheart to treat the most exclusive society in Europe thus, in the days when Russian Grand Dukes on the razzle would chuck vintage champagne and liqueur brandy by the bucketful over fluffy ladies in Maxim's, for fun. A superb snook by the Duchess, we've often thought.

Why no modern leader of Society, combining economy with chic, has yet begun boldly to imitate Oriane de Guermantes we can't understand (and how like you to point out that somebody has, long ago, but naturally we wouldn't know). Cocktails are getting fouler and fouler and even Labour leaders are complaining. Sherry suburban grocers would blush for is being inflicted on palates which a year ago rejected with cries anything but a fine solera or the driest of manzanillas, and orangeade even out of a bottle would be no worse than some of the vermouth we've come across lately. You may say that orangeade, though launched by a duchess, would be the death of the average modern party, which may be true, and mightn't be a bad idea, either. Friends wouldn't dislike each other so much if they didn't meet so often at cocktail parties. Ring up Myra and say Dusty is screaming that he won't go to the Faughaghtons' again unless somebody puts everybody's head in a haybag.

## Confection

LIKE Chinese tea and Scotch whisky, the best Turkish Delight doesn't travel. Those who know the corner-shop of Hadji Baba in Istanbul will therefore not grieve unduly, we guess, over the present shortage

(Concluded on page 230)



"Tell me—what was your actual job in the circus, Miss La Barbe?"

# Dancing in Dublin

## The Royal Meath Hunt Ball



Major the Marquess of Kildare, son of Ireland's premier duke, the Duke of Leinster, lingered over a last glass of champagne in the deserted ballroom, "whence all but they had fled," with Mrs. David Petherick. Mrs. Petherick is the wife of Captain David Petherick, 3rd King's Own Hussars, and is a granddaughter of the first and only Lord Barrymore



Left: Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne came over from Castle Macgarrett for the Ball. Lady Oranmore was Oonagh Guinness, daughter of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness, and is a niece of the Earl of Iveagh. She married Lord Oranmore as his second wife in 1936, and they have one son, the Hon. Garech Browne, born in 1939



Sir George Colthurst, owner of Blarney Castle and its "Kissing Stone," and Joint-Master (with Mr. A. H. Hornby) of the Muskerry Hounds, escorted the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, younger daughter of the late Lord Barrymore. Mrs. Bell's second daughter, Evelyn, married Captain David Petherick in 1940

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Miss Richenda Paul, only daughter of Sir Robert Paul, is a well-known follower of the Waterford Hounds. She came over from her father's house, "Ballyglan," in County Waterford, for the dance



Sitting out with Major William Bertram Bell, late 12th Lancers, was Mrs. MacMurrough Kavanagh. Mrs. Kavanagh's eldest daughter, Joane, who married the Marquess of Kildare in 1936, gave birth to her second daughter in Dublin on January 5th. Mrs. Kavanagh's first grandchild, Lady Rosemary Fitzgerald, was born in 1939

Soup plate, as ash tray, adorned the table occupied by Lady Eleanor Needham and Major Philip Anley, of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. Lady Eleanor is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey. Her mother, who was Lady Norah Hastings, is the Earl of Huntingdon's sister

Mr. Wilfred Fitzgerald, President of the All-Ireland Polo Club, kept his party refreshed in a well-stocked corner of the ballroom. With him is Miss Mary French, daughter of the Hon. William French, Lord De Freyne's uncle, who was home on a few days' leave, and Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald. Mrs. Fitzgerald is Sir Anthony Weldon's mother, by her first marriage



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

of those sticky floury cubes of toothache the Turks export in tins for the delight of Harley and Wimpole Streets.

Hadji Baba, whose fathers supplied the Old Seraglio, still makes the real stuff, we gather from H. V. Morton's fascinating *Middle East*; huge slabs and mountains of it firm and fresh from the oven, delicately perfumed and tinted, discreetly studded with pistachio and walnut, melting on the tongue, incomparably cloying and delicious. In Greece, next door, you used to get a very toothsome and sick-making roseleaf-jam, but you—we, at least—didn't get the imperial confection the Hadji makes, once gorged to excess by the vast moonfaced beauties and the dwarfs and eunuchs of the Grand Serail, the Topkapu Saray, and the glittering Byzantine Court before them (from which one concludes that the Basileus and his Empress, in their stiff jewel-encrusted vestments of silver and cloth-of-gold, also bulged and waddled).

The curious fact that fatness and jolly, mild benevolence always go together has often charmed us. The names of such stout parties as Abdul the Damned, Nero, Henry VIII., "Butcher" Cumberland, Basil II., Luther, Ivan the Terrible, Gibbon, and Goering occur to one naturally in this connection.

## Potentate

A PART from being a very fine musician, the new Master of the King's Musick, a chap tells us who has often lowered a pint with him in a Sussex pub, is devoid of professional frills and flafila and likes simple pleasures, like his great predecessor Elgar, whose hobby was horse racing.

Whether Sir Arnold Bax intends at last to rout out that King's band which is said to be hiding somewhere—maybe hanging round the kitchens at Buckingham Palace and teasing the maids—we couldn't say. If he does, he might profitably get it out on the Thames at Windsor after the war and

make it play delicious watermusic, like Handel. There's probably a forgotten parchment somewhere giving the Master of the King's Musick power to kick and beat lazy or mutinous or larky horns and drums, the hard cases of every orchestra, into submission. (The drums especially, often having time for play. At Queen's Hall occasionally a "snap" inspection of the tympani before a concert may discover little actresses curled up inside and giggling, we believe.) However, Bax is said to be averse to violence.

## Snack

ANOTHER eminent musician who liked a discreet tankard at the local was Haydn, unless we err. There ought to be a memorial tablet on that English village pub into which Haydn once stumped and, after throwing back a pint or two as apéritif, ordered dinner to be served for four persons. When told all was ready Haydn sat down to table. "But where is the company, Sir?" cries the landlord. "I," said the great Haydn, attacking the sirloin tranquilly, "am der gompany." And that, chicks, is how good music is made.

## Riposte

JAPANESE propaganda hasn't exploited this interesting angle yet, but it has probably occurred to every thoughtful opera-goer by now that Pearl Harbour may have been an act of vengeance for, among other things, the heartless treatment of Madame Butterfly by Lieut. Pinkerton, U.S.N.

Puccini himself got a bit nervous over this, by all accounts, and wrote a vibrant court martial epilogue (Pinkerton, the American Consul, Admiral, and Chorus of Marines) which began in the English version:

CONSUL: You done that baby wrawng!  
Come clean, Lootenant,  
You done her wrawng.

PINK.: I loo-ve her, I LUH-UHV her!—

CHORUS: You dirty dawg, you dirty dawg,  
You done her wrawng,  
Wrawng, wrawng, you done her—

PINK.: —LUUHV, I LUHHHHHV her—

CHORUS: Wrawng, wrawng, wrawng—

ADML.: Cut out that phoney stuff, big boy,  
You're on the skids.



"The Russians are now west of Dniepropomsk, a town about 100 miles south of Dnieperosomsk, which is not to be confused, of course, with Dnieperopopsk!"

Puccini showed the finished scene, apparently, to his brother composer, Leoncavallo, who said "Grand! Great! Fine!" so Puccini wisely tore the MS. up then and there and let everything ride.

## Relieve

THE hands of printers, whose ancient and powerful craft we never tire of admiring, are professionally liable to skin irritation or dermatitis. For this reason they constantly require liquid soap, supplies of which were being held up a little time ago because in Whitehall all necessary forms have to be properly passed in triplicate, circulated, filed, forwarded, rejected, receipted, docketed, confirmed, queried, approved, submitted, registered, revetted, defibulated, and all the tralala. The soap has now been released, we learn, and a lot of people breathe more freely.

When printers are irritated in skin or soul they can do terribly vengeful things and cause Press emperors of illimitable power to yell with pain and fear like snared rabbits. Among the classic Fleet Street stories illustrating this there is one about a misprint involving Queen Victoria, Blackfriars Bridge, and the *Times* which caused stray copies after cancellation to fetch five golden sovereigns apiece among fighting connoisseurs (the legend goes). Printers have a noble sense of their responsibilities and would not hit back thus temperamentally unless they were foully misjudged or wronged. If we were a Press lord we should see they had lashings of soap day and night, even if we had to bawl out the Cabinet with a dirty neck.

## Query

IF you deem retaliation of this kind excessive, however rare, ask yourself how you would feel if you suffered simultaneously from (a) dermatitis and (b) the dread knowledge that the tosh you have to print tomorrow may be even worse than yesterday's. Do you ever ask yourself this? Or anything? There are moments when we doubt it, and cry pitifully into our pillow.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"A shareholder has suggested that our company's persistent failure to pay a dividend is in some way connected with the presence of Madame Zimzim on the Board of Directors"

## Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



"I've just infiltrated 'ere to tell yer, Sir, that the Colonel  
wants yer to filter over and see 'im"

## Anglo-Polish Ballets Add to Their Repertoire

*Dancing Woman*, described as a Polish grotesque of the fifteenth century, is the new ballet introduced during the last weeks of this company's season at St. James's Theatre, which ended on Saturday last. The music is by M. V. Launitz, the Company's musical director, a Russian by birth, who was associated with Anna Pavlova in her productions and was, indeed, her favourite conductor. Choreography is by Czeslaw Konarski, male leader of the ballet, and, with Alicja Halama, its founder. *Le Lac des Cygnes* (second act), *Spectre de la Rose*, *Grande Divertissement* and *Cracow Wedding* make up the rest of this excellent programme which made such a popular appeal to London audiences, and will now be seen in the provinces

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"SPECTRE DE LA ROSE"

"*Spectre de la Rose*" is danced by Alexis Rostan and Stefan Craig. *Rassine*, the principal character, is danced by Bridget Kelly in private life.

Oenone Talbot, one of the leading artistes, wears a gay Spanish dress for "*Garotin*," which introduces "*Grande Divertissement*"

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF"

"Blind Man's Buff" follows "*Garotin*" in "*Grande Divertissement*." Alicja Halama is the noble lady; Konarski her admiring danseuse at the National Theatre. Alicja is the most popular danseuse at the Embassy in London. She met Konarski at the Polish Embassy in London, and together they decided to collect other stranded dancers and form the Anglo-Polish Ballets. With the financial assistance of M. Jan Cebel, their dreams are realised in their present successful London season



and Marie Sanina to the violin music of dancer, is a Russian by birth. Maria has frequently deputised for Alicja Halama



Portrait of "The Dancing Woman." Alicja Halama was the principal character dancer at the Warsaw Opera House

"The Dancing Woman" is a happy comedy of Polish peasant life. The Slavonic gaiety of Konarski's choreography and the magnificent humour of Alicja's dancing, make this one of the Company's most popular ballets

"THE DANCING WOMAN"



## Photogenic Daughters

Camera Shy? The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston's Little Girls Are Not



The Hon. Mrs. Grimston with Her Younger Daughter



"I'm Ready When You Are," says Elizabeth

Right: Elizabeth, Hermione and their mother sit under an ancestral portrait, painted by Nathaniel Bacon, half-brother of the famous essayist

These pictures were taken at Gorbambury, the Earl of Verulam's Hertfordshire place, of his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, and her children. The Hon. John Grimston, Lord Verulam's second son, was formerly a Pilot Officer in the Auxiliary Air Force (Reserve), and is now doing other important war work. He married in 1938 Miss Marjorie Ray Duncan, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Duncan, and Mrs. Duncan, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Their elder daughter, Elizabeth Harriot, is three years old, and Hermione Frances was born last September



Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



*"So That's That": a Family Discussion*

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Indian Scene

**M**R. RUMER GODDEN'S *Breakfast with the Nikolides* (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.) appears early in the 1942 publishing season. And it looks to me likely—whatever else is to follow—to keep a very high place in the spring lists. I do not predict for this novel a fantastic commercial future, astrological sales. The book may be too quiet—or, maybe, too disconcerting—to catch on with the public in a big way. I can only say that I think here is something first-rate, and can only hope that I may invite you to read it by giving you some idea of its character.

Charles Pool—taciturn, a relentless worker, a man whose emotions are sealed up—is the only Englishman in the small East Bengal town of Amorra. At Amorra an Agricultural College with an Indian principal, Sir Monmatha Ghose, has been added to an extensive Government Farm.

By day it [the Government Farm] was impressive with its colonnaded buildings, its straight, well-sanded roads with railings that led through model fields; through the seasons the fields had model crops of jute and paddy-rice, grasses and pulses and fruits, sugar-cane and cotton and wheat; they stretched field by field towards the horizon, sweeping in a wide half-wheel with the bank of the river, acre after acre. Only Charles Pool knew how big it really was; he knew exactly because he had made it. He had pushed it out and across the plain, patch after patch, crop after crop; and it had not been easy, for with every field he pushed out into the waste he was pushing the whole of India before him.

The Indian cultivator is rooted in deep, slow prejudice and he is convinced that he is without hope. He knows too well that he is born to live and die in monotony and poverty, with nothing but toil, and debts and perhaps hunger and still more toil. Charles's talk of manures and water conservation and crop rotation only made the villagers lift their eyes for a moment and sink back into the ways of their great-grandfathers' great-grandfathers' again.

In fact, it must be through the College students, when they return to their own homes, that the new salvation must spread to agricultural India. Into the students, therefore, Charles is working to drive method and zeal. To them, he remains an inscrutable figure. For eight years he has lived alone, in his beautiful, marble-floored house, with its garden reaching down to the mile-wide

river. Suddenly, there is a change: it is wartime, the early summer of 1940. Wire-leses blaze the news of the fall of France through the College buildings and the foetid, humming bazaar.

One morning, without—where the Indian community is concerned—any warning, there arrive at Amorra, by river-steamer, Charles Pool's beautiful wife, Louise, with her bright hair, her elegant French clothes and her haunted dark eyes, and his two little daughters, Emily and Binnie. Louise and the children have lived in Paris. Her break with Charles has been, since her flight from Amorra eight years ago, complete. Now, shattered by dreadful experience—for she and the children have been involved in the stampede down France from Paris, with the Germans behind them—Louise has felt, by some instinct, urged to return. Charles, in a cable, has replied that he will receive her—but with indifference. What has Louise once done to him—what did he do to her? One only learns the whole of it by the end of the book.

By the time Louise reaches Amorra, reaction against her own impulse has set in. One can see how the emotional scene is set. . . . On the other hand, eleven-year-old



*Esmond Knight at Home*

Esmond Knight, the young actor who was blinded during the Bismarck action, while serving in the Prince of Wales's, came home on a week's leave from St. Dunstan's. His wife, Frances Clare, the actress, and his daughter, Rosalind, listened while he read to them in Braille. Mr. Knight is now compèring the B.B.C. "Make and Mend" series for the Navy

Emily adores her unknown father from her first sight of him. Emily's childish but acute sense of the tension between the

grown-ups is beautifully rendered. And a key part is to be played, in the plot itself, by the ill-fated Don, the spaniel puppy that Charles gives Emily for her very own. Louise's horror of Indians is not helpful—for the only other Europeans within reach are the Greek Nikolides, living off down the river.

Indian characters—most notably Naryan, the young vet., and Anil, the beautiful, debonair Brahmin student who is a great landowner's son—are as prominent in this novel as are the Pool family. In fact, apart from its other aspects, *Breakfast with the Nikolides* is a remarkable study of the interreaction of two racial temperaments.

Naryan, self-made, a product of the new India, is on the whole an unhappy man: aspiration and tradition conflict in him; he seems as yet to have found no world for himself. Naryan's devouring, one-sided love for Anil (who represents everything that is reactionary, aristocratic) is delicately and austere portrayed. This emotional friendship alienates Naryan from his gentle young wife Shila, whom

(Concluded on page 238)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

**M**AYBE the films are to blame: never a kiss in a film which isn't a kind of hearty meal, wellnigh a gorge. Maybe it's the radio, where love starts round about six in the morning and is interrupted only by organ recitals, dull "talks" and deliberate "fun" to "canned" laughter. Maybe those devalued crooning voices, always seemingly on the verge of tears and invariably slightly off the note, have helped to undermine the vigour of romance.

Whatever it may be, undoubtedly Cupid seems in these days to serve in the bargain basement, where you can buy his darts in bunches, like fire-lighters, and each dart is guaranteed to hit the high-spot in any dance-hall, any shelter in any park, and at any time where two or three damsels and two or three males are gathered together.

Love, in fact, has become cheap. Gone, apparently, is the colourful glamour of the sex-poem. Sex-mystery is dead. There is more real mystery nowadays in a sausage.

Here to-day, gone the same evening, seems to satisfy most young lovers these times. They still talk with each other in that cloying, clinging manner, reminiscent of twenty years spent in a greenhouse, but it means just nothing at all. Mere stage-patter, which is only exciting when you don't hear it spoken by the same voice twice. Actually, there seemed no reason why Mildred should marry Cecil, in preference to Ernie, except that Cecil was home on fourteen

days' leave, and Mildred could go out with Ernie any night when she wanted to visit the Palais de Danse or the pictures. Ernie, briefly, was as familiar as spinach.

Love no longer laughs at locksmiths; it is only faintly amused when it gets locked out all night. I suppose the commingling of the sexes these days has a lot to do with it. All the same, something rather beautiful seems to be lost—like the drab day when you no longer believed in the actuality of fairy-tales, or the literal truth of the Book of Genesis.

Only the old manœuvres stand firm. The girl still chases, though, to all appearance, she doesn't stir an inch. The man doesn't stir an inch either, though, if her technique is good, she gives him the impression of being in hot pursuit. Even to-day, no man likes to feel himself "nabbed"; women are still content if love for them is triumphantly—just that. Passion is still never content until all barriers are down, and then suffers a shiver of disappointment when they are.

Love is, even to-day, at one and the same time the most transcendent and the most lonely emotion in all our inner life. A perfect union is, as it always was, a matter of sheer luck. Nature continues to whisper, "Take it," and then loses all interest in the result. If you, yourself, were actually the one most in love, then life has helped to educate you anyway. The one who was loved hasn't learnt a thing. And life is meaningless if you are not learning something all the time. That is the one consolation of tears!

# Debutantes of 1942

Mothers and Daughters Meet to Discuss  
Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball



*Mrs. Norman Lawrance with Miss Sylvia Lawrance  
and Junior Commander Esmé Lawrance*



*Mrs. Moxon and Miss Nadia  
Moxon*



There was a rush on the hot soup provided for mothers and their daughters who met in wintry weather to talk over the arrangements for Queen Charlotte's Hospital Birthday Ball, which is to be held this year on March 14th at Grosvenor House. Lady Hamond-Graeme was in the chair, with Lady Camrose, who is vice-president of the Ball, beside her. Lady Dashwood received the guests, with Mrs. Walter Duncan, whose daughter, Marjorie Ray, married the Hon. John Grimston in 1938 (see pages 234 and 235). The Hon. Diana Berry, Lady Camrose's eighteen-year-old daughter, is a debutante this year, as is Sara, Sir John and Lady Dashwood's daughter. Eight hundred tickets have been sold, and, as war-time accommodation is so limited, there is to be an "overflow" dance in June, with a series of tea dances in the meantime

*Left:*

*Mrs. Edgar Mann  
with Her Daughter  
Penelope and Niece  
Margaret, Daughter  
of Mrs. Frank Mann*

*Right:*

*Mrs. Walter L. Fawcett  
and Miss Diana  
Fawcett*



*Miss Pamela Heppel and  
Miss Valerie Twining*



*Mrs. Allan Perrins and Miss Marylena Perrins*



*Mrs. E. L. Wharton and Miss Gillian Wharton*



*Miss Pamela Maxwell-Willshire  
and Lady Maxwell-Willshire*



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

he in vain attempts to form into a modern woman. In her attempts to please him—to answer the telephone, to abjure religion, to raise her eyes in the company of her husband's friends—there is pathos. In the background of the raw, English-style villa that is Naryan's home, his wife and her old servant share innocent mysteries. Shila is on the point of bearing her first child.

Throughout, contrasts and conflicts have been used to build up *Breakfast with the Nikolides*. A crisis—the shadow of hydrophobia, the terror started by the poor puppy Don—brings all the main characters into close relation.

The novel, which in its strange way could not be more exciting, is a marvel of construction—not a thread is left loose by the end. It is short; the style is simple; the manner is so unforced as to seem almost offhand. The people—with the exception of Naryan, who cannot stop talking about himself—are all outwardly inarticulate, to a lifelike degree, but they reveal themselves by inner soliloquies. From the first page to the last, one feels charged with the curious atmosphere of one place—Amorra, with all its beauty and squalor: its waxy, strong-smelling flowers, new colonnades, broken pillars—Amorra, from which the scene never shifts.

The actual breakfast with the Greek family happens off-stage—we are shown its immediate results in Emily's fearful bilious attack. All the same, this breakfast is the key incident: on it the whole plot turns.

### Autobiography

THE Book Society, with whose recommendation of the above novel I do most heartily agree, have in the same way pointed out to our notice Mr. Lennox Robinson's autobiography, *Curtain Up* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). As that of an outstanding Irish playwright, Mr. Lennox Robinson's name is already familiar to us: in this country, the author of *The White-headed Boy* ranks with the Synge of *The Playboy of the Western World* and the O'Casey of *Juno and the Paycock* as one of the outstanding Abbey Theatre dramatists. Outside Ireland, Mr. Robinson's work as producer and theatre manager may not be so well known.

The Abbey Theatre, Dublin, stood, from the first, for apparently two extremes in drama—the realistic and the poetic. The Abbey, in fact, made a very important land-mark in the theatre history of the world. Its influence on the English and American theatre has been marked. Its fame spread: theatre cognoscenti soon made pious pilgrimages to Dublin, and the Abbey itself sent out emissaries in the form of touring companies.

In its own country the Abbey was for some a case of the prophet being (almost) without honour. A ring of enthusiasts surrounded it, but the bulk of Dublin and Ireland remained suspicious. For the more intransigent of the Irish Unionists, a stigma of Nationalism

attached to the Abbey. And less intelligent Nationalists resented the iconoclastic tendency of the peasant plays: Ireland clings to her self-idealisation, and the go-ahead dramatists of the Abbey did not idealise Irish character. Resentment was signalised in a simple manner: a Dublin audience attempted to wreck the Abbey after the second performance of *The Playboy*, and Irish-America, still more touchy, were to repeat the same gesture later when *The Playboy* crossed the Atlantic.

O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*, at a time much nearer our own, provoked the same demonstration. In fact, the Abbey Theatre, that has given a prime expression to Ireland's genius, cannot be accused of flattering Ireland's vanity. One has to know Ireland to realise how great has been the courage and clear-sightedness of these pioneers.

### Exciting Times

MR. LENNOX ROBINSON, in 1910, became the manager of the Abbey Theatre at a very young age. He had, as you may imagine, much to contend with. He tells the story of his appointment so modestly, though at the same time so engagingly, that one can only infer, from reading between the lines, at what great distinction he had already arrived. Before this, the account he gives of his childhood and youth has been brief: he does not wish, as he says, to repeat the story already told in his *Three Homes*—one of the best memoirs of a youth that I know.

From 1910 on, the theatre becomes the focus of *Curtain Up*: its Dublin triumphs, problems and vicissitudes (threats by armed men, at intervals, were not the least of these), and its companies' varied receptions when on tour are dispassionately described.

Mr. Robinson's observations on play-writing and production are more than interesting: they should inspire dramatists, or would-be dramatists, already at work on the same problems. From the point of view of the ordinary reader (who is at the same time the ordinary theatre-goer), they ought to add a good deal of appreciation. But, fortunately, Mr. Robinson's personality is too positive, and his interests too lively and diverse, for him to remain entirely sunk in one subject. Accordingly, the range of *Curtain Up* is wide.



Poetry Society Honours "Those Whom the Gods Love"

The verses of two promising poets who both lost their lives when very young, Flying-Officer A. N. C. Weir and Mr. John Holland, were read at a recent meeting of the Poetry Society. Lieut.-Colonel Richard Elwes, who was in the chair, Mrs. Weir, mother of Flying-Officer Weir, and Mr. Guy Pertwee were there to hear them. Mr. John Holland, who was killed in an accident before the war, was the only son of the late Vice-Admiral Holland, who lost his life in the Hood. Flying-Officer Weir, who was killed at twenty-two, was in action with his squadron over France, at Dunkirk, and in the Battle of Britain, and shot down his first two Messerschmitts on the eve of his twenty-first birthday.

Travel, parties, spiritualistic experiences, pre-1914-war London seen through the eyes of a young Irishman at once observant and shy, houses, reminiscences of the great and the lovely—amongst these Lady Gregory, George Moore, Sir Horace Plunkett, Yeats, Lady Lavery—friendships, embarrassments, "situations" arising on American lecture tours (on which one had to combat the fixed idea that every Irishman is one roaring laugh from his birth)—all these crowd the vivid pages of *Curtain Up*.

There is something deliciously ironic, modest, reflective, about Mr. Robinson's style throughout. Never was an autobiography less egotistical. He seems to regard himself as no more than a thread on which different experiences have been strung. He is in love with experience for its own sake—not merely because the experience is his own. This is the way to write—as well as the way to live. Any self-portraiture comes out in small touches and seems to be given us just by chance. In *Curtain Up*, none the less, we find ourselves in the presence of a very remarkable, as well as remarkably charming, man.

### The Turf

REMINISCENCES that also give full value are to be found in Mr. Meyrick Good's ("The Man on the Spot") *Good Days* (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Being "fifty years in silk and saddle, stable and stand," this is, clearly, a book for thousands.

A thoroughly genial book, it left me breathless—racing journalism is a terrific profession. I must say that, as an outsider to Mr. Good's subject, I was all the same fascinated by his speed, gusto and style. (I secretly sympathised with one of Mr. Good's colleagues who, never to the end of his honoured days having succeeded in picking up a single fact about racing, contented himself with wiring to his paper descriptions of the scenery surrounding the course.) I feel the best I can do is to stand aside, having announced that *Good Days*—which I understand has been long-awaited—is out.

If I did not get far with the horses, I got great pleasure from the shrewd flash-pictures of racing personalities—Edgar Wallace, Lily Langtry (a good loser) and Horatio Bottomley among others. And, at times, these memoirs travel far from the Turf.

### U.S.A.

"THE NEW YORKER ALBUM, 1942," is up to expected standard—need one say more? This is a picture-book to grin over deeply, not to write about—astrigent, irreverent, ruthless American humour! Thurber troglodytes, Hokin-son club-women, Arno blondes and bad hats, Shermund and Galbraith lovelies, Mary Petty-etiolated aristocrats, Hoff tenement-dwellers, Dicker whites in the jungle, Taylor pop-eyed persons and Gluyas Williams commuters should surely hustle us through the rest of this winter's gloom.

Our old friends and new allies do know how to be funny. Hamish Hamilton's publish the *Album* at 15s. Make your friends buy it, too—for if your own should be borrowed you are not likely to see it again.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

## Blaxland — Sharpe

Lieut.-Commander George Fellowes Blaxland, R.N., only son of the late Vice-Admiral and Mrs. J. E. Blaxland, married Patricia Marianne Sharpe, only daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. Vernon Sharpe, of 33, Alexandra Court, S.W., at St. Luke's, Chelsea



Harlip

## Mrs. C. W. Roundell

Ann Moore, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Roland Moore, of 5, Folly Bridge, Oxford, married Major Charles Wilbraham Roundell, Army Catering Corps, elder son of Mr. C. F. Roundell, of Dorfold Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire, and of the late Lady Maude Roundell, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



## Dawson — Mackay

Lieut. John Littler Dawson, Royal Marines, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dawson, of Alvington House, Bury St. Edmund's, married Eleanor Balmain Mackay, at St. Peter's, Edinburgh. She is the daughter of Mrs. Balmain Mackay, of Edinburgh



## Goolden — Bruce

Alan Wilfred Gough Goolden, son of Rear-Admiral F. H. W. Goolden and Mrs. Goolden, of Brookside, Bedhampton, Hants., married Lorema Bruce at Hampstead Parish Church. She is the younger daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rosslyn Bruce and Mrs. Bruce, of Herstmonceux Rectory, Sussex



## Mills-Grace — Garnar

Captain Edward Mills-Grace, R.A.M.C., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Grace, of Park House, Thornbury, Glos., married Rosemary Garnar, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Garnar, of the Old Palace, Wrotham, Kent, at St. George's Church, Wrotham



## Hill — Denis-Smith

Dr. John Hill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hill, of Tredegar, Monmouth, and Doreen Denis-Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Denis-Smith, of 155, Dorset House, Regent's Park, were married at St. Cyprian's Church, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park

(Concluded on page 242)

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Pecking

EQUITATION is a most useful guide to war in either its tactical or strategical departments, and I feel that it would help a whole lot of people to a better perspective of things if this fact were realised a bit oftener than it is. Take the matter of what is called "pecking" (nothing whatever to do with the animal's nibbling either a carrot or the rider's shin-bone!). A peck usually happens when a horse hits an obstacle unduly hard and comes on to his nose. What does "Cardinal Wiseman" do in such circumstances, if he wants to prevent the peck developing into a roll-over? Why, this: he sits as still as a mouse, helping the general balance of things by keeping his weight in the right place, and, above all, he makes no effort to pull the horse back on to his feet by main force. Not only is this a quite futile thing even to attempt, but it interferes with the horse making use of his head, which is as good as a fifth leg to him. One word more; a useful tip: don't lose your head, for it is never quite as bad a situation as you think that it is.

## Trainers' Trials

ALL other matters quite apart—and there have been pretty uncomfortable matters of late—this embargo upon horses being sent by rail to race meetings adds about the last straw, to the unfortunate trainer's burden. Coupled with the shortage of petrol and the depleted supply of motor horse-boxes, it places him in a most awkward position. It is not possible in these times to march horses to race meetings, as used to be done in the days of our grandfathers, and there is one particular reason why this is so—namely, that all the old inns, at which horses used to be able to find good stabling, have now turned over their ranges

of boxes to garages. The trainer is the very last person to want to make trouble, or to say that a thing is impossible when it is not so: he is a most loyal subject of the Crown and he and his patrons produce a lot of enjoyment for so many of us, and, heaven knows, a people which has shown itself capable of standing up to that which we have done is due any relaxation and enjoyment which can be afforded it, so if help can be given this "entertainer" I hope that it will be.

## Jabberjee

MANY a time and oft has fun been poked at our old friend in Bengal, whose real name, Chatterjee, has been distorted by one Anstey and others, and there has ever been the lurking suggestion that he is not a man of courage. This is a grave libel, and now that war is so unpleasantly close to his G.H.Q., that city of palaces, Calcutta, I am sure we shall find that, despite the fact that he prefers to wear his shirt as other people wear a tail-coat, he will prove that he is as well able to "take it" as the best of us. Like the Scot, Babu Bunku Behari Chatterjee has that fine quality of humour which is able to enjoy a joke made at its own expense. Take, for instance, that classic telegraphic dispatch sent by a humble station-master to his nearest superior: "Sir, Tiger is eating all native peoples (as per margin); kindly send gun, for which in duty bound shall ever pray"; or that instruction in equitation which ran: "Sit on the top of the back of the European horse, put foot in stirrup, tarn out toe, apply spur—and, oh! my gardfathers!" No one but a man of peerless valour could have penned these words under such circumstances. The little Poohbah of the Pacific may believe that Chatterjee is chicken-feed, and that the

blast of the first bomb will make him blench, but I am certain that Poohbah has another think coming to him.

## The Highbrow Pirate

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is always able to make even the most lurid villain interesting, and almost attractive, but he has never succeeded better in this than in his latest film, *The Sea Wolf*, an "artist" who, in his spare moments between ferocious outbursts, reads the classics! This gentleman is all the more intriguing because he is founded upon actual fact. Bartholomew Roberts (1719) was the prototype of Edward G.'s "Sea Wolf." He was a Welshman, who took up piracy as a business proposition, and being just as shrewd as he was bloodthirsty, made it pay handsome dividends while it lasted. He was surely the most peculiar operator in history; a man of the utmost ferocity, and yet he insisted upon everything being done decently and in order. A total abstainer himself, he almost, if not quite, managed to keep his crews sober. He enforced something like man-of-war discipline, would have no gambling, and indiscriminate brawling was punished with the death penalty. All quarrels had to be taken to him and settled by a regular duel with cutlass and pistol on shore. He was also religiously inclined, and nothing delighted him more than when he captured a chaplain who was aboard one of his many prizes. He did his best to persuade the reverend gentleman to join the "firm," but when he refused he set him at liberty and apologised for any little inconvenience which had been caused, and also for the theft of three prayer-books and a corkscrew. Bartholomew Roberts was a most tremendous dandy and wore the gaudiest of raiment; a gold chain hung round his neck supporting a huge diamond across, and he had a silken baldric which had two tiers of pistols slung in it and in his belt he wore a heavy sword. He was a first-class commerce raider, and eventually was killed in action aboard his ship, the *Royal Fortune*, in a very fierce fight with H.M.S. *Swallow* (Captain Chaloner Ogle, who has, I think, some descendants in the Royal Navy to-day).



At the Royal Meath Hunt Ball were Senator Frank MacDermot and Mrs. Edward Corbally Stourton. Mrs. Stourton's husband is an uncle of Lord Mowbray, and Senator MacDermot is the brother of The MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin. The ball was held at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin



Mrs. A. H. Connell, who was recuperating from a hunting accident, sat out between Mr. and Mrs. E. Glen Browne at the ball. Mrs. Connell is Master of the Royal Meath Hounds and the North Kildare Harriers, and Mrs. Glen Browne, a daughter of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bt., was Master of the West Waterford Hounds in 1927-31



Mrs. Derick Barton, who hunts with the Killing Kildares, is the wife of Mr. Derick Barton, of Straffan House, Co. Kildare, and a daughter of the late Major-General Lecky, of Ballykealey, Co. Carlow. She smoked a cigarette with Mr. Arthur Pollok

This Year's Royal Meath Hunt Ball was Held in Dublin

Pool, Dublin

### The Latest Fleet Street Lady

A FORMER Lord Mayor of London, Sir Alfred Bower, has just had presented to him a second grand-niece, the donors being Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bower, who are so well known to many of the denizens of The Street of Ink. About two years ago the port Bower was dropped, and I am sure the starboard one is going to be just as charming a lady as her elder sister. Congratulations!

### A Note of the Horn

A FRIEND who has recently been out to have a look at the Beaufort writes me that on the two occasions he went to see how a crack pack was faring in wartime there was only a field of half a dozen, which included the Duke and Duchess. He comments: "What a change! Foxes are being assassinated right, left and centre to keep them down; a dangerous thing more difficult to stop than to start. I wonder if anyone will have any money for hunting after this show is over—very little, I am afraid." That is very probable; but then, it is certain that all our "easements" will have to be on a minor scale and that we shall just have to make the best of a bad job.

I have no doubt, however, that with our great capacity for accommodating ourselves to circumstances, we shall contrive to hit a bit of fun out of things, nevertheless. This story from the Beaufort does not differ very materially from many others in countries where a field of 250 was sometimes considered just moderate!

All the money and other difficulties quite apart, there is another and a rather serious one—hounds! In every establishment so many hounds have been put down that replenishing is not going to be easy. It is quite true that where hound-breeding is concerned, you get your results far quicker than you do where horses are the matter in hand, but we have always got to bear in mind that every whelp in a litter may not grow into a hound worth keeping, no matter how blue the blood in his veins may be. This difficulty faced a good many packs at the end of the last war, during which, incidentally, the percentage of destruction was not as high as it has been this time. Hard work ahead, I fear!



### Gunners on the Coast

Some officers of a Coast Regiment, R.A., which mans the heavy guns somewhere on the coast. Front row: Captains C. T. Maling, T. W. Kehoe; Major A. R. Waterhouse; the Commanding Officer; Captains R. H. Naish (Adjutant), R. E. Barclay, S. L. Barkas. Middle row: 2nd Lieuts. W. B. Bousfield, I. R. Nicholson; Lieut. C. P. Sinnott; Captain J. Serjeant; Lieuts. H. P. Wells, I. H. Nickols, A. Bradshaw, D. A. Higgins. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. G. W. Iredell, D. H. J. Bevis, C. A. Read, S. S. Wray, D. M. L. Watt



### Guy's Hospital Rugby XV. Who Beat the King's College Team D. R. Stuart

Guy's Hospital have had a very successful rugby season, beating Oxford University, King's College Hospital, and several other of their brother hospitals. Their names are (back row): G. A. R. Winston (secretary), N. I. Scott, W. H. Lillywhite, P. F. Swann, G. Hildick-Smith, B. H. Wilsher, J. D. Everall, A. M. Lee, A. C. Macrae-Gibson; (sitting) T. L. T. Lewis, P. C. Gastrel, T. W. Renton, M. R. Mullins (St. Andrews, Grahamstown, South Africa; captain), A. G. Albers, R. F. Camp, J. Breen-Turner



### Sitting Out

Brigadier E. Wodehouse, Military Attaché on the staff of Sir John Maffey, in Dublin, went to the Royal Meath Hunt Ball with Mrs. Wodehouse. He was formerly in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and is now Military Attaché on the staff of Sir John Maffey, British representative to Eire



### Defeated by Guy's Hospital: the King's College Rugby XV. D. R. Stuart

Before their recent beating by Guy's Hospital, King's College rugby team won their match against University College Hospital for 33 to 3. The players are (back row): R. J. Dawson, K. Bennett, J. Harrison, H. A. Brashier (referee), J. Middleton, J. Moody, M. Feroze, O. Fisher, H. Shanley, W. Bridgewater; (front row) T. Hanley, W. B. Young (Scottish International), F. A. Milne (captain), Mr. A. C. Palmer (president, K.C.H.R.F.C.), D. R. Barnes (secretary), R. A. Palmer (vice-captain and Cambridge double Blue), K. Wilson

# Getting Married (Continued)



**Ogden—Gardner**

Lieut. Guy Morritt Ogden, East Riding Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack M. Ogden, of 68, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., and Pamela Mary Gardner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner, of Lynwood, Ashford, Middlesex, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Lewis—Mackrill**

Captain Theodore William Lewis, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Lewis, of The Roostree, Crowborough, Sussex, and Daphne Mackrill, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar W. Mackrill, of Hope Court, Crowborough, were married at St. John's Church, Withyham



**White-Cooper—Arlott**

Dr. William White-Cooper, M.R.C.S., eldest son of Mr. William White-Cooper and the late Mrs. White-Cooper, of Stretford, Grasmere, South Africa, married Alison Mary Arlott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Arlott, of Normanhurst, Surbiton, Surrey, at Brompton Oratory



**Gould—Richards**

Geoffrey Hamilton Gould, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gould, of South Border, Purley, Surrey, married Pamela Stewart Richards, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Richards, of Elm House, Bentley Heath, Herts., at the Leys School Chapel, Cambridge



**McGhee—Bramley**

Captain Richard Patrick McGhee, R.D.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McGhee, of Southey Hill, Sheffield, married Dorothy Anne Bramley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bramley, of Wallingfield Hall, Waleswood, Derbyshire, at St. Marie's Church, Sheffield



**Smallman-Tew—Currie**

Pilot Officer Kingston (Tony) Smallman-Tew, formerly of Northwood, married Isobel Strang Currie at St. Andrew's Church, Watford. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Currie, of Watford, Herts.



Richardson, Worcester

**Brockhurst—Leacock**

Sec. Lieut. Jack Brockhurst, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Brockhurst, of Leigh Road, Walsall, and Hyacinth Ann Leacock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Leacock, of Birchwood Hall, Malvern, formerly of Wadhurst, Sussex, were married at St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Malvern



**Middleton—Macaulay**

Major Hugh Middleton, Royal Signals, younger son of the late Captain G. Middleton, and of Mrs. Middleton, of Croydon, married Mona Patricia Macaulay at St. Peter's, Vere Street, W. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Keith Macaulay, of Wimbledon



**Winslow-Taylor—Barr**

Flt.-Lieut. Charles Winslow-Taylor, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow-Taylor, of Basil Street Hotel and Ottershaw, Surrey, married Joan Barr at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the only daughter of Alan K. Barr, and the late Mrs. Winifred Mary Barr, of Ardmillan, East Grinstead, Sussex

# TOWN AND COUNTRY SHOES

WS. 4276Y An extremely comfortable shoe in light tan calf, with medium leather heel. Elastic under tab.

63/-



WS. 340Y (Left) Sturdy brown calf shoe, with platform crêpe sole that will withstand hard wear.

57/6



WS. 331Y (Right) Strong country walking shoe in grained calf, with thick crêpe sole. Blue trimmed red, or brown trimmed beige.

57/6



WS. 4275Y This well fitting lace shoe is in light tan calf and has a medium leather heel.

63/-

5 COUPONS  
REQUIRED



**Lillywhites** LTD

OF  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS,  
LONDON S.W.1.



*Streamlined  
Pleats*

OF all all-round pleated skirts, only the KONERAY has pleats which hang in graceful, unbroken lines in every and any position, in action or repose. Knife edged, they are graduated to taper off into snug-fitting single material to give a most slenderizing effect. For town or country wear there is always a KONERAY in a material which is just right. Your draper or store can supply you, but protect yourself by making sure that your skirt bears the "Gor-ray" label. Prices from 2 gns.

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Royal Leamington Spa  
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"**Koneray**"  
PATENT PENDING  
**PLEATED SKIRTS**

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O  
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A  
Y**

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Farewealth

ART and aviation owe much to the wealthy patron. Strange pictures, strange music and strange aeroplanes would not have had so many opportunities to claim the attention of the public had it not been for the youthful fanatic who inherits more money than miserliness. And it is only fair to say that art and aviation have proved themselves again and again well able to dispose of the highest incomes at lightning speed.

Outside opera, aeroplanes, I imagine, are about the only things that can vie with the second from the right in the revue chorus in sheer, sustained financial absorption. Whenever there was some astonishing idea for flight, some outlandish invention for perpetual aerial motion, some wingless monster or atomic aero-engine, there was always the youth with an inherited hundred thousand a year and unlimited faith, to come forward and blow it all up on developing the thing. But now wealth is on the wane. It is wasting away and the only ones who are rich are those who have Government appointments, take no pay but get their meals and motor-cars free. What will aviation do now that it is being bereft by Sir Kingsley Wood of its patrons?

## Official Support

I SUPPOSE that in the State of the future the Government will be the supporter of the arts and of those advanced ideas which demand money for their exploitation. Trees are the climax of vegetation and music and painting are the climax of civilisation. But with them go inventiveness in mechanical and other fields.

Probably some Governments of the future might be daring and experimental for a bit; but I cannot see any Government supporting the more advanced artistic or aeronautical creations. In the end it would be bound to play for safety and that would spell the doom of both art and invention.

Now we are losing the wealthy group of people, we begin to see how useful they were. And it is not only the tight fisted millionaire magnate who lives on unsweetened coffee in a back

bed-sitting room who plays a valuable part in the life and development of the community, but also the spendthrift son who flings it all into some hare-brained scheme for doubling the lift and quadrupling the speed of aircraft by putting pink tablets in the fuel tank.

Speaking as one who, in the past, has gazed enviously on the rich from an enormous distance away, I now evince sympathy for them. At any rate, pre-war British aviation would not have done the many good things it did do without them. And we might remember, when we thank our Spitfires for our safety, that we should not have them had it not been for Lady Houston's generous impulse in supporting the British entry for the Schneider Trophy races after the Government of the day had declined.

## Air Captain

CAPTAIN KELLY ROGERS with his wife and his sister—who is a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F.—were entertained to a small informal party at the Royal Aero Club the other day. He is one of the great aircraft commanders produced by civil aviation, and his skill and the confidence he inspires are known wherever Imperial Airways and (now) British Overseas Airways aircraft go.

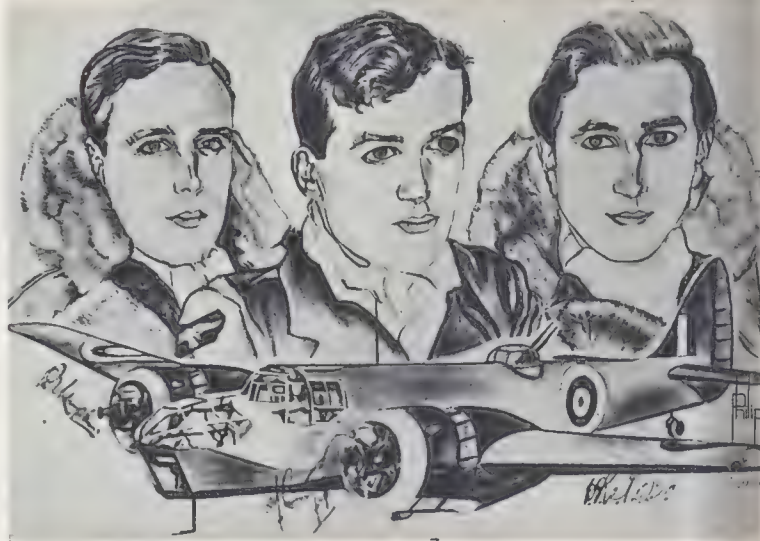
The episode of the Corsair, for which Kelly Rogers got the O.B.E., is a story in itself and one which deserves to be given permanence in literary form by some competent writer. It was

a salvage operation in which Kelly Rogers performed prodigies of organisation and eventually built a dam across a river so as to give the flying-boat deep enough water for the take-off run.

## Manners for Million

IN those mysterious places called by the daily newspapers "air circles"—perhaps because in them things always seem to be going round and round—it has been pleasant to welcome recently gradually increasing numbers of members of the United States Army and Navy Air Forces.

One recounted to me a story which appears to me to hold instruction for all Englishmen. He was involved, it appears, in a slight motor-car accident. He believed that his car was in the wrong and that its driver had failed to take notice of the traffic implications of a one-way street in one of our complicated London squares, and he was ready to apologise—and, indeed, began to do so. But the other driver was violently abusive, and as a result this minor muddle developed into all the sorry business of police officers, notebooks, forms and the rest.



Three Interned Airmen: Drawn by One of Them

Sergeant D. R. C. Philip, who drew this picture, was one of the crew of a Bristol Blenheim aircraft which crashed at Cape Finisterre in July 1941. The three airmen are now interned in Soria, Castille. Their names are P. M. Thompson, F. T. J. Bryant and D. R. C. Philip, the artist, who is the son of Mr. D. R. C. Philip, Managing Director of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, of Perth



Officers of a Fighter Squadron Somewhere in England

Front row: F.O. A. A. Gray, Flt.-Lieut. H. M. Stephen, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, Sq.-Ldr. C. J. Donovan, Flt.-Lieut. J. M. Strickland, D.F.C., P.O. H. E. Dyson (Adj.). Back row: Sergt. P. B. Mace, P.O. R. M. Lloyd, P.O. P. L. Arnott, P.O. W. R. Bloyce, P.O. D. G. Newman, P.O. R. M. Williams, Sergt. K. A. H. Mason

D. R. Stuart

Now that English driver, to my mind, behaved in a reprehensible manner. So long as he thought he had to do with another Englishman he had full rights—as granted by immemorial custom—to be as abusive as he liked, as long-winded as he liked and as trouble-making as he liked; but when he noticed—as he must have done—that the trouble had occurred with an official American Service vehicle, he should have tried at least to conclude the affair amicably.

Englishmen should remember that Americans now coming here are under the impression that there is a war on and that there is no time for formal foolery, for long-winded discussion and legal argument, for police proceedings and the rest when a bumper has been damaged to the extent of about 9½d.

Our Government departments have never learnt manners, and their communications make the normally constituted polite human being see red by their unnecessary brusqueness and offensiveness of tone. For goodness' sake let us guard against annoying our friends and allies by allowing our officials to write their official letters to them.

Any Government, police or other official who broadcasts one of his grotesquely badly-written and grossly rude forms to a national of any of the countries now fighting on our side ought to be made to eat a couple of reams of his own forms.

## The Long and Short of it...

Army officers wanting greatcoats in a hurry can have them in a hurry from Moss Bros.' range of ready-for-wear. A fortnight's individual tailoring couldn't achieve better cut or fit. And this applies not only to the average figure but also to the extreme "under" and "over" sizes—all come equally within the scope of this unique department. We shall be VERY interested to see the man we can't fit. Officers in the Navy or Air Force can obtain precisely the same service and it doesn't matter whether it's greatcoat, British warm, uniform or equipment that's required.

A.T.S., W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S. (and other Women's Services), OFFICERS' UNIFORMS made to measure at shortest notice. Also all accessories.

# MOSS BROS

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2  
TEMPLE BAR 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth; and Bournemouth, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Llandrindod Wells, Salisbury, Shoreham, Strivenham, York.

# Are chain smokers hard hit?



If you're a chain smoker perhaps the present shortage of some brands doesn't hit you so hard as all that—if you smoke from habit, any brand will do. But we sympathise with anyone to whom smoking is a solace and a satisfaction. Four Square cigarettes (even in the days of plenty) were not for chain smokers but for those who really enjoyed each cigarette. And that's a fact worth remembering when, from necessity or choice, you give up chain smoking.

## FOUR X SQUARE

20 for 1/6

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette



Absolutely unretouched photograph of the same eyes before and after treatment.

## OVER AND UNDER THE EYES REJUVENATED

Eyes set in loose wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes.

The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. The Hystogen method, invented and practised by a Swiss specialist with 30 years' experience is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face practised by the Medical Profession. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature.

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The symbol of Guaranteed Quality



Obtainable from all leading Milliners

# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

## BY M. E. BROOKE



There is no doubt about it that the suit above, from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, will remain undated. It is a study in pastel-tinted pink and grey, the shades being subtly blended. The stripes are arranged on becoming lines, the details of the entire scheme being carefully thought out. Note the panels which merge into pleats, which are present on the skirt. The coat looks as well worn open as closed, and in the former case its aspect may be varied by the blouse, which may be of silk, cotton or wool, and, of course, contrasting or harmonising gloves and bags may be added. Furthermore, there are plain suiting and tweed tailor-mades which have been designed as a background for furs in the early spring, and lingerie sets for the warmer weather



All monotony has been banished from the hats that may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge. There is also an interesting collection of felt models for town and country wear; rain has no deleterious effect on them. The fashionable hat pictured at the top of the page is of canvas straw embroidered in red and blue, with a soft drapery at the back. This conceit is becoming, and helps to protect the hair. Hats of this material are represented in many styles and colours. Furthermore, there are those of nappa, one of which is illustrated below. The brim and part of the crown are smocked. The hat is bright red, lined with blue to match the bow, which is of velvet. The shortage of felt hoods is responsible for these and other novel fabrics being used for berets and turbans





## Dinner Gowns

Padded embroidery decorates this Moss Crepe dinner gown.

In black, red, turquoise.

Hips: 38, 40, 42, 44.

(7 coupons) **10½ gns.**

Model Gowns - - - 1st Floor

## Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



## Model Dresses

An afternoon dress in dull crepe with hand-embroidered yoke. In black only.

Hips: 37, 39, 41.

(7 coupons) **18½ gns.**

Model Gowns - - - 1st Floor.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., London, S.W.1.

SLOane 3440



A delightful spring ensemble in the best quality fine wool, of novelty weave, featuring padded floral motifs. Obtainable in black, navy and a few lovely shades. Five sizes. **16½ Gns.**

Size 48 extra

(Model Gowns—First Floor)

*Debenham & Freebody*

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

## Social Roundabout

(Continued from page 226)

### News From Somerset

MR. CHRISTOPHER GOODE has been on leave at his home at Curry Rivet, in Somerset, where his neighbours include Mrs. Richard Cely Trevilian, whose husband is in the East. The two Trevilian sisters are the lovely Mrs. David Heneage, who lives in Somerset, too, and Mrs. Douglas Blackett whose husband comes from Cumberland.

Captain and Mrs. Tim Daniel live in Curry Rivet, too: as Master of the Bridgwater Harriers he used to provide great sport, hunting hounds himself, with Mrs. Daniel helping to whip in, over land squared like a draughts board with terrifying deep wide drains called "rhines," nightmares to jump for people or horses unused to them.

Also in Somerset, on the other side of Taunton, Mrs. Robert Vernon lives at Bishop's Lydeard. Her daughter, Miss Susan Vernon, lives at home, and Lady Fiona Conway Robertson has been staying with them—she is one of Lady Loudoun's daughters. Captain Mervyn Vernon is in the Grenadier Guards, and married Lady Violet Baring, Lord Cromer's daughter.

### From Hampshire

FLOURISHING film stars compete with duchesses in the gracious art of encouraging charities, and at a dance in Hampshire, Mr. Laurence Olivier, prodigiously handsome in naval uniform, presented prizes to lucky-number ticket holders.

The dance was in aid of the Winchester Air Training Corps Welfare Fund. Melville Christie led a full dance band, although a sextet only was advertised, and among those there were Captain J. P. Gornall, R.N., and Mrs. Gornall (who drew the lucky ticket numbers), Mr. Gerald Palmer, M.P., the Reverend H. E. B. Hillary (chaplain to the squadron), Mr. J. A. Crompton, M.A., LL.B. and Mrs. Crompton, and members of the A.T.C. committee.

### —And From Scotland

THE recent snowstorms have been terribly tantalising for every one who used to count on getting to the Alps sometime between Christmas and Easter. But in Scotland, both this winter and last, skis have been a necessity as well as a pleasure for some of the people living in inaccessible glens.

A ski-er *faute de mieux* last winter was young Lady Forbes, wife of Major Sir John Forbes of Newe, D.S.O., who is serving abroad. She was then living with her four small girls at her old home (she was formerly Agnes Farquharson of Allargue) high up the Don Valley, in Aberdeenshire, and during the worst of the storms had to ski fourteen miles to collect food for the household.

This year she is living less remotely at Bellabeg House, Strathdon, but still has had to use her skis in the last few weeks when she wanted to visit friends or relations roundabout. But most of her time is spent dealing most courageously with the problems of country housekeeping, housework, and looking after her young family. The little girls are charmingly named: Zilla, aged six, is the eldest, and the others are Elspeth, Veronica, and lastly, Xanthe, aged two this year.

### Soldier's Wife

ANOTHER Aberdeenshire girl whose husband is a soldier and who is at the moment living with her children up there is the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil. She was Rohays Burnett, one of the most attractive débutantes of her year, and the only daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys. Her parents' home, Crathes Castle, is one of the famous and lovely old houses in Aberdeenshire.

She married Lord Amhurst's brother in 1938 when she was twenty-two, and now has two children, the elder a son of nearly three, the younger a daughter born last summer. Her little boy is named James Strongbow, the latter an old family name, which is shortened to Bow for home use.

Mrs. Cecil has a small house near Aberdeen which she runs with the help of her own old Nanny and a young maid, doing all the cooking herself. Later in the spring she hopes to go south and live somewhere near her husband.

### Special Message

MR. A. J. DREXEL-BIDDLE has just handed General Sikorski a copy of a special message broadcast by President Roosevelt to the Polish people. In it he pledges that all the resources of the U.S.A. will be mobilised to smash the Axis Powers and restore Poland, mentions his awareness of the sufferings of the Polish people and his appreciation of their contribution to the war against the Axis, and stresses the tremendous reserves of food and medicines possessed by the U.S.A., which will be made available to the people of Poland. He goes on to say that the outcome of this struggle is assured, and that "We shall emerge from this war with liberty under God and opportunity to live a decent, sane and prosperous life."

### People About

IN London the steely grey of these icy days is tempered with an even more sinister dirty beige, made of the dust from ruins whipped up by the east wind and frozen into the substance of the air. This deadly monochrome version of Piccadilly was relieved by the scarlet of Lady Ursula Vernon's little round cap with a stalk, and her tall golden loveliness in a fur coat.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby was a tryer-out of night life: as the Ladies Priscilla and Catherine Willoughby, his two sisters were well-known horse-women, and played polo as well as being among the best women to hounds riding astride.

Miss Inga Anderson, who has been improving the programme at the Regal as a change from the cabaret in which she is such a super artist, was out looking lovely in a mink coat and a dress with horizontal stripes only possible on a figure as slim as hers. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kimber were at the same party: she is one of a family of lovely sisters called Drake, from Devonshire.

### CORRECTION

In our Social Roundabout columns of February 4, we mentioned the fact that Lord Scarsdale had been seen in a London restaurant. This should have read Lady Scarsdale, for Lord Scarsdale is serving abroad, as he has been for some months past. We apologise for this mistake.

TRADE MARK

# Celaneese

Signifies Quality for Coupons

● For all her conviction that she must buy the 'Practical', today a woman desires Beauty as strongly as ever. That's why she will search counters for Lingerie in 'Celaneese'. For she knows the Beauty of 'Celaneese' Fabrics is a lasting Beauty, a Beauty born of fine Quality which is as superb as ever it was—unchanged by the conditions of today.

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celaneese' Yarns and Fabrics and Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celaneese': British Celaneese Ltd., Celaneese House, Hanover Square, London.

*For Baby*

*All your thoughts will now be for Baby and his welfare, and with it the future of the New Generation.*

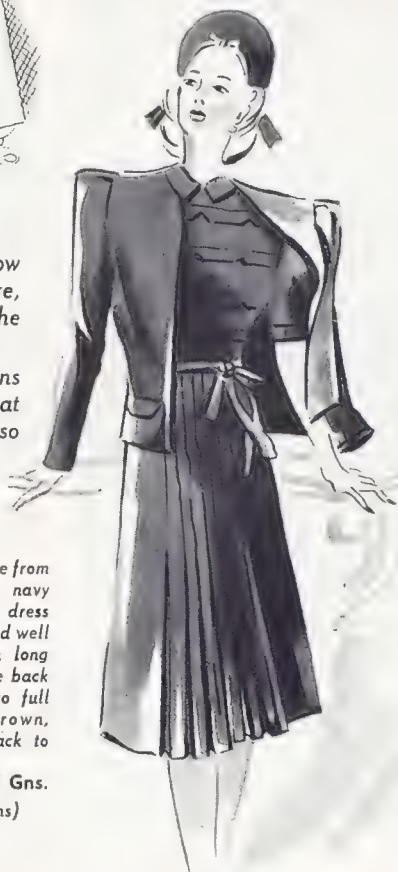
*Since a happy Mother means a happy Baby, clothes that look and feel right are so important.*

*You will love this charming two-piece from our Maternity Wear collection, in navy blue moss crepe. "Torquay" has a dress with short sleeves, tucked bodice and well pleated skirt, and a coatee with long sleeves. Entirely concealed double back adjustment. Made to fit small to full figures. Other colours—nut brown, sea green, pastel shades and black to order. Two-piece complete*

*(13 coupons) 8½ Gns.*

*Dress made separately (7 coupons)*

**£6.19.6**



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REGENT STREET  
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*Famous for Fine Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
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## "DAD'S GONE BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN"



Yes—I've got Dad to buy some of his Savings Certificates through our School Savings Group. Every 15/- he puts in will grow like billy-o till it's £1. 0. 6 in ten years—and he won't have to pay a penny Income Tax on the increase.

NATIONAL  
**SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES**  
The "No Trouble" Investment

*Issued by The National Savings Committee*

# Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

FOR nearly an hour a commercial traveller had been talking in his most persuasive and eloquent manner to an old Yorkshire business man. The old fellow seemed pleased and impressed, and the traveller felt sure a big order would follow.

At last the Yorkshireman said: "Aa'd like my lad to hear what ye have to say. Will ye coom in the afternoon and go over your talk again?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the traveller; and at the hour appointed he presented himself for the interview with father and son.

Once again he went over the points of the article he had for sale, and when he had finished the old Yorkshireman, turning to his son, said enthusiastically:

"Do you hear that, my lad? Well, that's the way I want ye to sell our goods on the road."

At a public dinner a man, who was not on the list to propose a toast, would keep jumping to his feet. At last, in desperation, the chairman let him get on with it.

"My toast is 'absent friends,'" he said tersely, "coupled with the name of the wine waiter who hasn't been near this end of the table all the evening."

THE offices of the inspector of taxes and the collector of taxes were in the same building.

A woman who got into the lift said to the lift boy: "Taxes."

"Collector or inspector?" asked the boy.

"Taxes, please," replied the woman.

"Now, look 'ere, ma," said the lift boy, "do you want to pay or just 'ave an argument?"

"YES," said a sad-eyed man, "I married the widow of a man who was hanged, and I thought that in the circumstances there would be no comparisons with the late lamented. But I was mistaken."

"Did she praise him just the same?"

"Well, not exactly, but we hadn't been married a week before she declared that hanging was too good for me."

THE boy came out from the dentist's surgery and joined his father in the waiting room.

"You know, father," he began, when they got outside, "that man wasn't a painless dentist, like you said he was."

"Why, did he hurt you?" asked his father, anxiously.

"No," replied the youngster, "but he yelled like anything when I bit this thumb."

A NUMBER of wounded soldiers were being admitted to a hospital. One of the patients was being carried to "L" ward, but at the door the stretcher bearers were met by the sister in charge, who said: "I'm sorry, but L's full."

"All right," replied the Tommy cheerfully, "we'll just go to 'eaven."

A YOUNG couple were gazing deep into each other's eyes and sighing soulfully at short intervals.

Then the bashful lad spoke:

"Ye ken, Maggie lass, I'm no much tae look at."

"No," agreed Maggie, "but ye'll be oot at yer work most of the day."



Necessity is the Mother of Invention

And it isn't the first time a gentleman has used his shirt front for other than its primary purpose. Not always a commendable practice, but it saves paper. There won't always be a penguin handy, but it's an idea with more homely variations.

Maybe you've got a better idea yourself anyway. If you have, pass it on. Every bit of paper saved helps the national war effort.

In setting a good example and encouraging your neighbour to follow your lead, you are doing something of real practical value for the country. It is essential work just as firing the guns, turning out the munitions, driving the ambulances is essential, and no one is too old or too young to do their share. Personal responsibility cannot be shelved. It is up to you!

## ANY QUESTIONS?



The first question comes from Mrs. Wilson, of Bolton. She asks: "Is there a shortage of Carr's Biscuits?"

The Manufacturer: "Although a great many of their Staff are away helping the National war effort, Carr's are actually producing more biscuits than ever before, and sharing them between the Services and Shops. Their high quality has led to increased demand, so grocers are occasionally sold out, but fresh supplies are constantly arriving."

The Philosopher: "As Aristotle says, 'Be a little patient and your turn will come!'"

DEFINITELY WORTH  
WAITING FOR

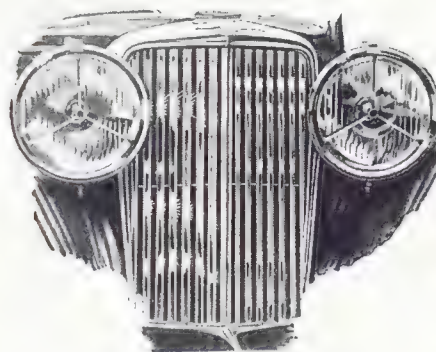
## CARR'S BISCUITS



A Necessity  
and  
a Luxury  
Carr's of Carlisle

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## Jaguar Cars



"The success of the S.S. Jaguar has been one of the milestones in the British motoring industry." That is what G. E. T. Eyton said in the "Sunday Pictorial." And that is the reputation which Jaguar engineers are zealously planning to maintain when victory is won.



S. S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY

"You make a very  
fine Production."



## WET.. WETHER



Like most things these days, Wetherdairs are in short supply and it may mean that you will have to go out of your district to obtain one. If you do, it will be worth the trouble.

Wetherdair Ltd, Bradford and London

## WET.. WETHER.. WETHERDAIR

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



**W**armly wrapped up—yes—but you can see from his merry eye, his cheeky little face, that his real protection against any emergency is the sturdy health of a COW & GATE baby. His mother took the best advice and gave her child the food that has won a supreme reputation all over the world. She did not ask for the cheapest but for the best and, because she did not hesitate to pay a little more, she has not known a day's anxiety, whatever the weather or the season. Do as she did and eight Royal mothers too—give your baby this priceless start in life, the finest constitution, the best resistance against anything. Get COW & GATE to-day and be sure! © 3015

**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**  
THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES



Like all other good things to-day, Kestos is in short supply. But there's a consolation! Even though you may not be able to buy as many Kestos brassières as formerly, your Kestos garments were so excellently well-made that they will launder time and again, retain their shape and fit—and will continue to give service and 'line.'

Britain's Finest Range of Brassières



**molho** 5, DUKE STREET,  
WELBECK 5891 MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W1

**WELL DONE!**

Vermouth produced from the juice of fine white grapes; Vermouth prepared from carefully chosen herbs to a distinguished recipe; Vermouth produced with care and traditional skill . . . Vermouth like this is no Continental monopoly and never has been. Votrix—with all these virtues—is a British achievement; produced in this country for years, a mainstay of the wartime aperitif; one more reassuring proof that when we want to do something, we do it *well*!

**VOTRIX VERMOUTH**

is produced at the VINE PRODUCTS winery in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 5/3. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 4/9 (large size "Sweet" 6/-).

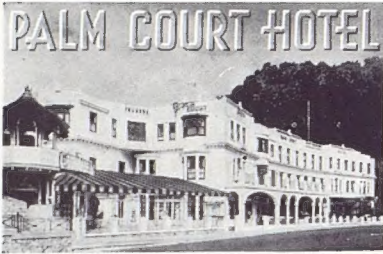
## From our new collection of Small Size Fashions



**Attractive Jumper and Skirt** in fine wool, with white pique collar and revers. Jumper is unlined, and skirt is pleated at back as well as front. In navy or black. Three small sizes. **9½ Gns.**

Small Size Specialties: Third Floor

**Swan & Edgar**  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1



*Come where  
the sun shines  
longer*

HERE is a sun-trap, amidst sub-tropic loveliness, where rest and bright recreations are accompanied by all modern amenities, H. & C., and gas or electric fires in bedrooms. Good food from our own farm. Lift, central heating.

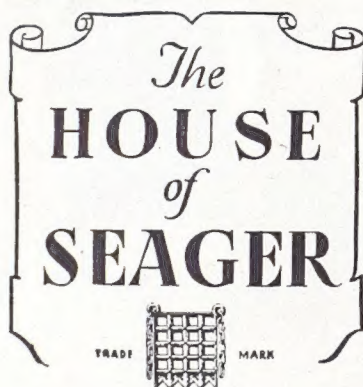
*Fully Licensed (choice wines)*

Modest terms for winter or permanent residence.

Members of H.M. Forces and their families specially welcomed.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO  
MEMBERS OF H.M. FORCES

Write to A. T. Purkis—  
**PALM COURT HOTEL**  
**TORQUAY**  
**DEVON**



In these days of national emergency and limitation of supplies, we would ask the kind indulgence of both the public and the retailer for any disappointment experienced in obtaining our products

**SEAGERS**

GIN . . . . 17/-  
EGG FLIP . . 11/6  
COCKTAILS:  
Super . . . . 10/6  
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THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1805  
DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN 100% FOR OVER 135 YEARS

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country we are  
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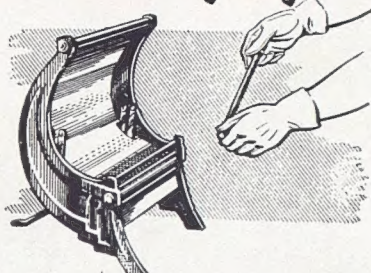
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